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The American Girl

MAY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1935



EARS ONLY A Radio Article by GEORGE KENT

My Goodness!

*Why all the
spring house-
cleaning?*

—so said Joan, when she found her friend Jean pulling cushions out of chairs, peering under the living room table, and pawing about behind the radiators. "What do you think you're doing anyway?"

"My June AMERICAN GIRL—I've lost it," muttered Jean, shaking a cushion. "It was here—I was in the midst of reading a peach of an article on Weddings, by Beatrice Pierce —when Mother called me to go upstairs for her glasses; and now the magazine's just nowhere to be found."

"That's funny," said Joan. "But it will turn up eventually, old dear. At least I hope so, for there are five—five, mind you—simply elegant stories in this number. There's *Ladder of Fortune*—that's about Phyl and Meg Merriam and Jock Bacon; and there's a Bushy and Lofty story, *The Last Word*, and—"

● "Don't make me chew nails, Jo," grinned Jean. "I wish you'd brought your copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL over, so I could finish my article, at least. Anyway, I did get a chance to read that lovely, scary mystery story by Marjorie Maxwell, *A Noise in the Night*."

"I love a good mystery yarn," said Joan, "and that was a pip. And if you haven't read Sally Lou's



Summer Job, by Marguerite Aspinwall, you sure have a treat coming to you."

● "What's it about?" asked Jean. "It sounds interesting."

"It's a story of Nantucket, and a group of art students, boys and girls, who spent the summer there. They were all crazy about painting on the moors, and so nice and chummy with each other."

"Speaking of Nantucket," said Jean, "there's a lovely article of Robert P. Tristram Coffin's in this number—*Playthings That Are Free*. It's like poetry in prose. You remember about the first Tristram Coffin, don't you?—how he was sort of head of everything when Nantucket Island was settled."

"Uh-huh, I do." Joan cocked her head in a listening attitude. "Do you hear a funny noise?" she said. "Sort of a scrabbling under that big chair?"

"Sounds like tearing paper." Jean raised the cretonne valance of the chair. "What in the world—? Why, Bingo, you little rascal! You're chewing my AMERICAN GIRL. Here! Give it to Missie—give it to Missie, I say!"

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE



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AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES—NUMBER SIXTEEN

"*MY DAUGHTER*" painted by *Frank W. Benson*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MAY • 1935

The Anti-Aunties

In which Bushy organizes a new secret society and discovers that snap judgments are very likely to snap back

By

EDITH

BALLINGER

PRICE

BUT she *isn't* my Auntie!" Bushy insisted, shaking her thatch of hair indignantly over the letter.

"She's such an old friend of mine," said Mrs. Ryder, "that I suppose she thinks it would be ridiculously formal for you to call her 'Miss Lothrop.'"

"Miss Loathe-rop," Bushy muttered rudely.

"What did you say?" her mother inquired, pretending that she didn't quite catch the word.

"Well, why 'Auntie'?" Bushy demanded hastily. "Why not 'Aunt Jean, or whatever her name is, if she *must*. But 'Aanty'!" Bushy drawled it through her nose so that it sounded like the plaintive cry of a nanny goat.

Mrs. Ryder put on her hat with an air of finality. "You waste such a lot of time argle-bargling," she said decidedly. "I think the proposition is worth considering. In fact, I've written to tell Jean you'll come." Bushy gaped and blinked. "What else would you be doing while Dad and I go away for a hard-earned month?" her mother asked.

"I'd keep house for Lofty," Bushy replied with dignity. (This was Edward Lofting Ryder, elder brother.)

"You know perfectly well that Lofty has been invited to Bill's at Keponset for those weeks," Mrs. Ryder reminded her. "He might not survive your housekeeping, darling."

"Nobody invites *me* anywhere," Bushy commented grimly.

"You've just been invited—to Auntie's," Mrs. Ryder retorted rather triumphantly, as she went out. There were a good many details she might have imparted about her old friend Jean Lothrop's "proposition," but she decided that Bushy was in no mood for them just now and hoped, in any case, that she would change her regrettable attitude.

When the car had swished out between the evergreens at the gate, Bushy wandered disconsolately in the direction of the kitchen. She had the good fortune to find a jar of peach preserves open in the pantry. Some of this she com-

bined with a slice of bread to form a soothing sandwich. Under the quieting influence of munching this light refreshment in the lee of the piazza, an inspiration came to her. She fled indoors, slightly oozing jam, seized the letter Miss Jean Lothrop had written her, and dashed out again in the direction of the tennis courts.

It being the traditional hour when people of Bushy's age were allowed on the courts, she found, as she expected, a number of her cronies furiously engaged at the nets. They were in a hurry to finish their game before the superior group who called themselves the Offshore Club (to which Lofty belonged) should descend on the courts and shoo away the younger players. But their games were destined to be cut short even before that moment. Bushy did nothing active to stop them, but she pranced about the side lines, so evidently bursting with something important that curiosity overcame the players, and one by one they joined her beside the rustic shelter that overlooked the courts.

"Listen, you creatures," said Bushy, with eyes flashing beneath her mop of hair, "how many of you have got 'Aunties'?" Every hand shot into the air, but Bushy motioned commandingly. "Wait, wait," she proceeded. "I don't mean aunts—real relatives. I mean old girlhood friends of your mother's who want you to *call* 'em 'Auntie'?"

There was more hesitation this time, but on thinking it over, five out of the eight agreed that they were acquainted with such.

"Then you other three clear out," Bushy ordered. "You can't be in on this. No, I'm sorry; you just *can't*. It's like being born a D. A. R., or something; if you aren't, you aren't, and that's all there is to it."

A less forceful leader than Bushy might have been bribed or threatened into letting the outcast three into the mystery, but as it was, there seemed nothing for them to do but to stroll away, pretending not to care,

and begin a half-hearted rally over the abandoned net.

"Now, see here," Bushy said to the remaining five, "you don't like these people, do you—these 'Aunties'?"

"I adore mine!" Babs Hunter answered, disconcertingly. Bushy scowled upon her. "Why?" she demanded.

"Well, I've known her ever since I was a baby. She brings me swell things—and she dances better than anybody I know, even if she is in Mother's set."

"Mine has a kid just my size," Elise put in. "She sends me lots of clothes—and are they smart! Things Mother would never dream of going out and buying for me."

"Mine's darling," Linda said. "She has an old, old house down in Connecticut, where Washington or somebody stopped. She raises Scotties, and she lets me help her train the most adorable puppies when I go to see her."

"Mine's sort of uninteresting," Ruth admitted hesitatingly.

"Aha!" cried Bushy. "Well, mine's impossible! Listen! She's been living in Italy, of all places, for simply ages—she must be ancient—and now, because of the dollar and the exchange or something, she's got to come back. She's poor—"

"Who isn't!" muttered Babs.

"She's so poor," Bushy went on, "that she's got to keep a shop—and she's asked me to come and help her for a month, and Mother says I've got to. And she signs herself 'Aanty,'" Bushy added with a whine.

"I've always longed to keep a shop!" Babs said. "You forever have the luck, Bushy."

"Well, I haven't any longing to keep shops," Bushy blustered. "Certainly not just at the best end of the summer. Ugh—tying up sugar, and weighing smelly cheese, and—"

"Is it a food shop?" Linda asked.

THREE was an instant's pause before Bushy answered, "Well, I don't quite know." She went on at once. "See here, each of you has simply got to think of one thing—one little thing—that you don't like about your 'Auntie,' or we can't have our secret club."

Five pairs of ears pricked at this, and Bushy's slaves rather reluctantly set about the uncharitable business of finding at least one objectionable trait in their mothers' friends. After a good deal of cogitation, Babs said:

"Well, mine is afraid to go out in a boat."

This was enough to condemn anyone, in Bushy's eyes. "Good!" she cried heartlessly.

"Mine likes caraway seeds," Elise contributed uncertainly. "Of course, that's not really a reason—it's just that I hate 'em."

"So do I," agreed Bushy heartily. "She'll do."

"I love mine," Linda said slowly. "But she does make me go to bed early when I'm down there; says it's good for children and puppies."

"Insulting tyranny!" said Bushy. "Next?"

IN THAT MYSTERIOUS AND SECRET SPOT UNDER THE BOATHOUSE THE ANTI-AUNTIES MET

MINE always says, 'How you've grown!' whenever she sees me," put in Sue, speaking for the first time.

"That's quite enough," Bushy agreed. "Don't you hate it when people do that? Then everybody turns around and looks to see if you really have, and you feel like a freak in the circus."

"Mine's just sort of uninteresting," Ruth repeated with a sigh.

"Well, you'll all do, thank goodness," Bushy said briskly. "I suppose you all know what 'anti' means, don't you? A-n-t-i, you know, like anti-prohibition, and anti-slavery, and anti-war and things?"

"It means you don't approve of something," Elise ventured.

"Sort of," said Bushy. "Well, the idea is, we're going to be the Anti-Aunties."

"It sounds like a disease," Sue giggled.

"It sounds neat," Linda agreed. "Except—do we have to do anything to the Aunties?"

"Not actual things," Bushy assured her. "Naturally we can't go around being horrible to the poor women. But deep down in our hearts we'll remember the caraway seeds, and the 'How you've grown!' and all that, and we'll vow to try and prevent other ladies from saying, 'Just call me Auntie, dear,' to innocent girls that are not related to them."

"How can we prevent them?" Ruth wondered.

"I shall think that up," Bushy told her. "The main point is—"

But at that moment a cold and lordly male voice broke in

Illustrations by Leslie Turner





"IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH," REMINDED MRS. RYDER.
BUSHY CHEWED WILDLY AND WITH OBVIOUS PURPOSE.
"THISH LASHT ONE," SHE ANSWERED DESPERATELY

a generous brushful of paint, with which she colored her bottle tops a glorious vermillion. She then went upstairs, got five cents from the tin bait-box in which she kept her allowance, and set out for the little store up beyond the boathouse. She was quick, and very methodical in all her procedures.

WHEN she returned from the store, she was chewing gum vigorously and determinedly. So far her great idea had worked out beautifully, just as she had first pictured it in her imagination, and her plans must not be interrupted. Mrs. Ryder, returning for lunch, found her daughter sitting beside the garage, her face pale but purposeful, her jaws working with steady desperation.

"Bushy—what on earth are you doing?"

"Chewing gum," said Bushy with prompt directness.

"So I see; but why—"

"I can't tell you why," Bushy said thickly, "and I wish you wouldn't ask me. It's a secret. I'm chewing it with a purpose."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ryder, shutting off the engine. When she got out of the car, she went to have a look at Lofty's finished model. Near it lay five ginger-ale bottle caps. Outside they had been enameled brightly red; inside, a safety pin had been affixed across each by means of a wad of chewing gum. The sixth was evidently in process of manufacture. Mrs. Ryder inspected privately, but knew better than to inquire at the wrong moment.

"Time for lunch," she said casually to her daughter as she came out of the garage.

"Yesh—jush minute," said Bushy, chewing wildly. "Thish lasht one."

"Dear me, the secret sounds terribly important," her mother commented, and passed on.

At lunch Bushy was adorned by a neat red badge with scalloped edges. The letters "A. A." had been somewhat irregularly scratched on the crimson surface, showing bright brass beneath.

WHAT have we here?" said Lofty. "Another Government Board, maybe?"

"My private affair," Bushy remarked. She was not eating much.

"Let me see," Lofty pursued. "The PWA, the NRA, the CWA, the AAA—but just AA, what can it be?"

"Athletic Association," suggested Mrs. Ryder.

"Abyssinian Acrobats?" pondered Lofty. "Or it might be Anonymous Apes. Or how about Absolute Applesauce?"

Bushy choked slightly, but whether from annoyance or stifled mirth, it was hard to tell.

"Aquatic Alliance?" Mrs. Ryder wondered.

"I believe it's Adams Alcott!" Lofty pursued, with a sudden thought. This was a handsome newcomer who was tutoring the Harvey boys this season.

Bushy really did choke. "Certainly not!" she sputtered. "Of all the silly, cheap, *childish* ideas! I don't see why they all think Adams Alcott is so marvelous, and if I did, the last thing I'd do would be to put his name on an old bottle top!"

"No telling what the young will do," Lofty said.

"Well, it isn't any of the things you've suggested," his sister informed him, "so you needn't strain your brains. I

upon the confab. "Here, come out of that huddle, young 'uns, and get away from the courts. Unless you want to stay and chase balls for us."

BUSHY whirled to confront her brother Lofty who stood with his racket-press under his arm, grinning in a maddening way at the secret six. Behind him were Margie Olmsted and Roy Bennett, with other members of the Offshore Club.

"We do *not* want to stay and chase balls for you," Bushy assured him. "There must be plenty of children about to do that."

"Oh, I thought these *were* children," said Lofty. "My mistake!"

This unrelenting superiority, just because he was three years older than she, was a continual blight on Bushy's life. She could never catch up—but she could make a lot of disturbance from a few laps behind.

"Meet me right after lunch, under the boathouse," she hissed to her five companions. "Important!" Aloud, she said airily, "Well, shall we let these young people have the courts? Personally, I'd rather swim."

But Bushy did not swim. She scurried home, intent on one consuming idea. On her way back to the house, she dropped over the sea wall and searched among the rocks for what she was fairly sure of finding there. She was rewarded; six ginger-ale bottle caps, left by careless picnickers. Out in the garage was the racing-model sloop that Lofty had just completed, and beside it, Bushy knew, was the can of quick-drying red lacquer with which he had painted the water line. Knowing, also, that her brother was safely playing tennis with Margie Olmsted, Bushy helped herself to

think I've had plenty of lunch. I have an important date, anyway."

"So long, Amateur Armadillo!" Lofty called after her.

Under the boathouse was traditionally a mysterious and secret spot. At high tide the sea came in around the piles and covered the rocks, so that it was only available as a meeting place at low tide. There was an air of pleasant insecurity about perching there in the dim, moist space between the floor of the boathouse and the slippery, seaweedy rocks, knowing that one must keep an eye on the tide and retreat as it advanced. Even people who now belonged to the Offshore Club had been known to assemble under the boathouse in their younger and more free-spirited days.

It was here that the Anti-Aunties rather timidly met their leader. Away from her, around their own lunch tables, they had been struck with some misgivings about banding themselves against their really unobtrusive and inoffensive grown-up friends. But the red badges, those masterpieces of invention and symbols of secrecy, won back their allegiance to Bushy and her cause.

WHAT if people ask us what the pins mean?" Ruth inquired cautiously.

"Simply say you are not at liberty to divulge the significance," said Bushy hurriedly. "You just have to remember that it's a Protest—a protest against unrelated females pawing around and calling themselves Aunties. You never have to tell anybody—'specially not the Aunties themselves. We don't want to be actually impolite."

"It will sort of help us to bear up, when they like the caraway seeds and things," Elise reflected, but she still looked dubious.

"Exactly," said Bushy. "Now, all you have to do is to say, 'I will be a true Anti-Auntie forever and aye.' Go ahead."

The five repeated this formula in chorus, and Bushy dealt out the bottle tops with due solemnity. Then an advancing wavelet, rising up between the rocks and wetting Babs to the knee, broke up the meeting abruptly, and the Anti-Aunties retreated in disorder from the threatening tide.

Lofty found his mother and sister on the piazza late that afternoon—Bushy gloomily contemplating a new dress to which Mrs. Ryder was putting the finishing touch against the coming visit to Miss Jean Lothrop.

"I note several more of these Ambiguous Atoms, or whoever they are, about town," he announced. "Quite an enrollment among the younger set."

"Don't you wish you knew what it means?" Bushy said, surprising Lofty with this truth into a momentary silence. He quickly recovered himself, and replied:

"My dear girl, you don't suppose I'm really curious, do you? I've only invented a few fanciful names to amuse my little sister."

"'Nough, 'nough!" mumbled Mrs. Ryder with pins in her mouth, and Lofty passed majestically into the house.

One or two of the unfortunate ladies against whom Bushy's campaign was directed were there in the summer

place, and in daily contact with their nieces-by-courtesy. They even inquired the meaning of the improvised red badges so conspicuously displayed. The Anti-Aunties had the grace to blush a little as they replied, "Oh, nothing, really; just a silly club we belong to."

When Babs encountered the fear of boats displayed by her mother's best friend, she hardened her heart, despite her admiration for the lady's undoubted skill and charm in dancing. Sue stiffened and shuddered when her particular Auntie arrived and remarked, "How you've grown!" But there was not time for very many meetings under the boathouse, as had been intended, for Bushy's own doom approached and was upon her all too soon.

She and Lofty were to travel part way together to their respective visits, while Dad and Mother went with the car in the opposite direction on their own holiday. The Anti-Aunties were drawn up in a body at the station to cheer their leader on her way, and to show her an example of courage and calmness. They whacked their red badges, and raised their hands in something suggestive of the Fascist salute. Their loyalty buoyed her up for a few minutes, but as the little train swung around the bend, she dropped back with a sigh on the seat beside her brother.

WHAT did those nuts think they were doing, anyway," Lofty wanted to know, "putting on an act like that at the station? The whole outfit of Alleluia Annies, wasn't it?"

"Just giving me a send-off," Bushy explained. "Very decent of them, too. I need it. Look at you, going to Bill's for a swell time—and then look at me."

"Well, I'm looking at you," Lofty said. "What are you going to? You don't even know; but it seems to me you've been making an awful stew over it. Mother seemed to

think it would be pretty nifty. Why don't you wait and see, anyway?"

"I can simply see her, now," Bushy said dreamily. "Scraggly, fusty old thing in carpet slippers—poor as a mouse, and talking Italian very likely; selling awful little things in a dark shop—pink soap, and cheap needles and things."

"You ought to write a book," Lofty commented, "you have such an imagination. Why on earth do you dope out such stuff? You know Mother wouldn't send you to a place like that for a holiday. This woman's Mother's age—not an old crone of some kind. She's Mother's friend, you nut, and she appears to have——"

"But she wrote to me and signed it 'Aanty,'" mimicked Bushy. "That's why I——" In this unguarded moment, because Lofty was being so much more like an equal than an elder brother, she had almost told him the meaning of the red badge she wore under the lapel of her white coat. She stopped her tongue just in time; Lofty was not always like this.

"If you ask me, you're behaving like a goat," Lofty said, and opened a book.

Bushy hadn't asked him, but she unwillingly admitted to her inmost heart that there was some truth in what he said. She stared out of the window and (*Continued on page 32*)



ONCE BUSHY'S MIND WAS MADE UP
IT WAS PRACTICALLY UNSHAKABLE

Linda Plays Trumps

By HENRIETTA OTIS SHAW



SILENTLY LINDA
SLID HER HAND
IN THE DRAWER

LINDA sat by her dressing-table putting the finishing touches on hair and nails, and adjusting the new yellow frock which Aunt Helen had given her. Through the iron grill-work of her open window she could hear the sound of quarreling in sharp staccato Chinese, and the quick pat-pat of the feet of the ricksha coolies as they hurried home to their evening rice. But these accustomed sounds made no impression on her conscious mind.

She was thinking about her brother Paul who was graduating from High School that very night. It didn't seem possible that it was four years since Paul had left them all at Ying Chow, and had come to Shanghai to attend the American School, and to live with Aunt Helen and Uncle Jerry. She could hardly believe that she herself had been here two years. And now they were going home. Tomorrow she and Paul would be on the way back to Ying Chow—to Father and Mother and Scott and Sally and Terrence and Baby Dorothy—and they would all have a gorgeous summer together before Paul went away to Dartmouth in the autumn.

It would be wonderful. Linda could hardly wait for the long tedious trip by coasting-steamer, rail, and sedan-chair to be over, when she could throw herself into her mother's arms, and hug everybody all around, with an extra hug for Dorothy who had been in long clothes when she had left and so wouldn't know her at all. And when Paul had gone away, there had been no Dorothy. Fancy having a member of one's family whom one had never seen! But that was China for you.

Yes, it would be wonderful. She had a swift vision, as she plied her orangewood stick, of her rambling, wide-verandahed mission home, set securely in the midst of a garden enclosed in high, whitewashed walls of sun-baked mud. Was there ever

She expected a dull trip up the Whangpoo, but fate had other plans

such a place to play? Or such places to hide from one another, or from a too officious *amah*, as behind the great gnarled cedars, or in the leafy branches of the chestnut-tree? She could fairly taste the sun-ripened peaches that Nien Fang, the gardener, wrapped so carefully in protecting gauze while they were still on the trees, and she could almost smell the ether fumes that were constantly wafted over the wall from her father's hospital, and had always seemed to her a normal ingredient of the atmosphere.

"But just the same," she thought, "I'm glad I'm coming back to Shanghai in September." She would miss the girls at school, and Aunt Helen's and Uncle Jerry's spoiling.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," she called.

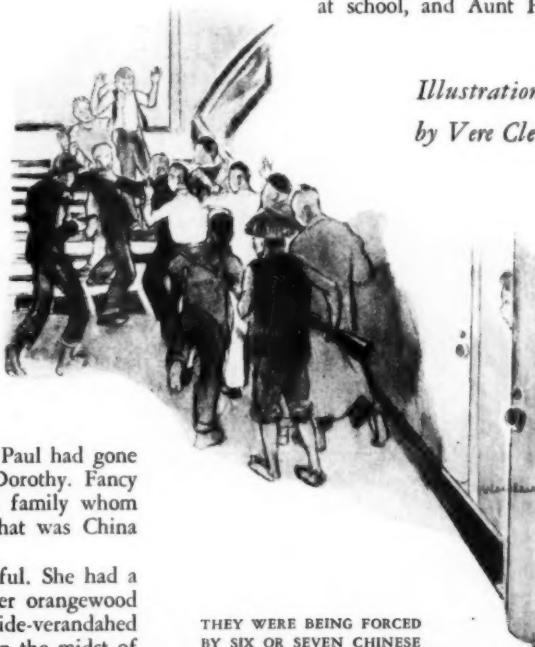
The door opened, disclosing Li Fen in his long white gown. "Dinner ready, Missy."

"All right, Li Fen. I'll be right down, but tell them not to wait for me."

Li Fen departed noiselessly. Linda hastily fastened around her neck the filigree chain with little topazes that Uncle Jerry had given her. She mustn't be late, as directly after dinner they were all to go to see Paul graduate. A final adjustment of the curls at the nape of her neck, and she would be ready. Having a "permanent" was Aunt Helen's idea. It occurred to Linda that her hair would be "stringy" before she returned in the autumn.

"I wish I'd bought a curling-iron," she thought as she switched off the light on the dressing-table and ran downstairs.

The light under the filigree



THEY WERE BEING FORCED BY SIX OR SEVEN CHINESE WITH PISTOLS TO RETREAT TOWARD THE STAIRS THAT LED TO THE DINING SALOON



brass dome shone down on a lace-covered table with a bowl of lilies in the center, and upon the faces of the three who were there before her—her aunt, youthful and pretty; Uncle Jerry in cool white linen, with his mocking affectionate smile; and Paul, tall and swarthy, trying not very successfully to conceal his excitement. Li Fen emerged from behind a screen of carved teakwood, and after he had pulled out her chair, he set before her a bowl of soup.

"I suppose," said Mr. Channing with a twinkle, "that because you are leaving us tomorrow, you think you can get by with being late for meals."

"Sorry, darling," replied Linda. "I had to look beautiful for Paul's graduation."

"You didn't make such a bad job of it, either," answered her uncle, looking her over appraisingly. "You're quite different from the little country girl of two years ago."

"Jerry!" remonstrated his wife. "She wasn't countrified at all. She just needed—"

"I was," dimpled Linda. "You can't deny it, Aunt Helen. No particular shape, freckles, clothes made by a Ying Chow tailor from a two-year-old fashion-book, and a home-made hair-cut."

"The fact is," teased Mr. Channing, "you and Paul both have changed so much your parents probably won't know you. And if they do, I doubt very much if they will like you. To my way of thinking it is a great mistake to go back to Ying Chow at all."

PAUL had been chosen to make the graduation address, and his aunt and sister almost wept with pride in his well-turned sentences and easy bearing. They were convinced he was the best-looking and most intelligent young person on the rostrum, and next morning his aunt quite overwhelmed him with compliments on his performance. He was relieved

when Li Mah, the chauffeur, drove up in front under the *porte cochère*, indicating that the time had come for them to start to the boat. Paul got in front with the chauffeur and the suitcases, while Linda sat between her uncle and aunt who were going to the pier to see them off.

"Oh, dear," cried Linda. "I did intend to get Mother some American-roasted coffee. She loves it, and you can't get it in Ying Chow. But I guess it's too late now."

Her uncle looked at his watch. "Not a bit of it," he said, ready as always to accommodate his niece. "If the child wants coffee, she shall have coffee. Li Mah, drive around to Wing On's."

The chauffeur obediently headed towards Nanking Road where the yellow-turbaned Sikh

policeman gave him the order to proceed. The car opened up a way through the confusion of rickshas, pedestrians, and carts, and presently they stopped before Wing On's big department store, the silken banners hanging from its balconies and the rich gilt characters ornamenting its façade attesting its importance. Linda and her aunt got out and bought the coffee—and it was then that Linda remembered she had wanted a curling-iron. To make the purchase took only a few minutes longer.

Paul was disgusted when his sister thrust the curling-iron at him.

"What am I to do with this thing?" he asked.

"Keep it for me—please, Paul," begged Linda. "Just till we get on the boat. I can't get at my suitcase."

The *Shuntien* lay alongside the wharf on the Whangpoo, one of hundreds of vessels shortly to be disgorged into the ocean on their way to the Seven Seas. Boats of all sizes and kinds lay alongside the piers and rode the broad expanse of the estuary. In the distance rose the white hulls of great ocean-going steamers, and between them and the shore shuttled important little launches, carrying passengers or freight to be loaded—tung-oil, silks, lacquers, ivory. Thickly dotting the muddy water were native junks, the painted eye in the prow of each seeming to be searching for some way to bring a copper or two into the pocket of its owner.

Li Mah with the luggage made a path through the noisy excited crowd struggling to get aboard the *Shuntien*. They were steerage passengers mostly: men in faded blue coats, carrying their goods, always topped with an inverted wash-basin, in flexible woven baskets covered with netting; sleek-haired women in short jackets and loose trousers, with babies in their arms; and little boys in flowered garments, their queues freshly-braided.

As they reached the boat a man, deeply pitted with small-pox scars, pushed rudely against Linda, muttering something under his breath. She shuddered away and grasped her uncle's arm.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Channing. "Did that beggar hurt you?"

"No," answered Linda, "but he was talking our Northern dialect, and I—I understood what he said."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'We'll give the foreign devils what they deserve.' "

"Getting mighty fresh, these days!" commented her uncle.

"Never mind—you'll have a couple of decks between him and you."

"Yes," said Linda, relaxing her grip on his arm. Then she cried, "Look, there are Ruth and Betty! Oh, it's the whole gang come to see us off!"

Once on deck she was surrounded by her friends and the incident was forgotten. A friend of her Aunt Helen's was there, too—a Mrs. Warriner with her small son, Jimmie. Mrs. Channing was delighted to find her there.

"I'm so glad, Linda," she said. "It is really a big relief to me to know that she is going. Sometimes, you know, there isn't a woman on board these coasting-boats."

Linda did not share her aunt's enthusiasm for Mrs. Warriner, whom she knew but slightly. Good-looking she certainly was, and perfectly groomed, but to the girl she had

never seemed quite real. She came forward now, leading Jimmie by the hand. Whatever Linda may have felt about her aunt's friend, there could be no two opinions about the charms of the two-year-old Jimmie.

"My dear," said Mrs. Warriner when the greetings were over, "the most dreadful thing has happened—absolutely. Amah was all ready to go with me, and at the last minute her husband pounced down and refused to let her go. It was too late to get another, and here I am with this child on my hands for the *entire* trip."

"What a shame!" commiserated Mrs. Channing. "But Linda will help you. Won't you, dear?"

"Of course," said Linda. "I'd love to."

"That's too utterly sweet of you," gushed Mrs. Warriner. "And now that Amah isn't here to occupy the extra berth in my cabin, why don't you come in with me?"

"I wish you would," said her aunt. "I'd feel a lot easier." So Linda, although she was not greatly pleased at the prospect of a straight week of Mrs. Warriner's society, had no excuse for declining, and felt obliged to accept the invitation.

Then she excused herself and went back to her friends, until presently the warning whistle sounded and they all, with her uncle and aunt, went ashore.

LINDA need not have worried about having to endure too much of Mrs. Warriner's society. After Jimmie was comfortably put to bed the first night out, his mother said, "As you're going to bed early, my dear, I believe I'll step into the saloon for a game of bridge with the Franklin-Bevanses and Colonel Edgerly. Jimmie never wakes up."

Linda had no objection to this arrangement, and said so. She was getting undressed when someone knocked at the door.

Slipping into a kimono, she opened it a crack. Through the aperture something shiny was thrust, and Paul's voice said, "Hands up!" She was startled for a moment, and then laughed as Paul added, "Here, take the pesky thing. I didn't want to be caught with it in *my* luggage."

"Gracious, Paul!" said Linda as she took the proffered curling-iron. "You really did scare me for a minute. I thought you might be one of those Bias Bay pirates they were talking about at dinner."

Paul left, chuckling. She dropped the curling-iron into



LINDA DID NOT SHARE HER AUNT'S ENTHUSIASM FOR MRS. WARRINER BUT SHE COULD NOT RESIST THE CHUBBY JIMMIE

the drawer of a stationary chest which was almost filled with Mrs. Warriner's perfumed possessions. Then, stopping to kiss Jimmie's curls, she climbed into the berth above him and was soon asleep.

Jimmie proved to be a real blessing. Mrs. Warriner slept late in the morning, and Linda fell into the habit of dressing him in sun-suit and sandals, and giving him his breakfast.

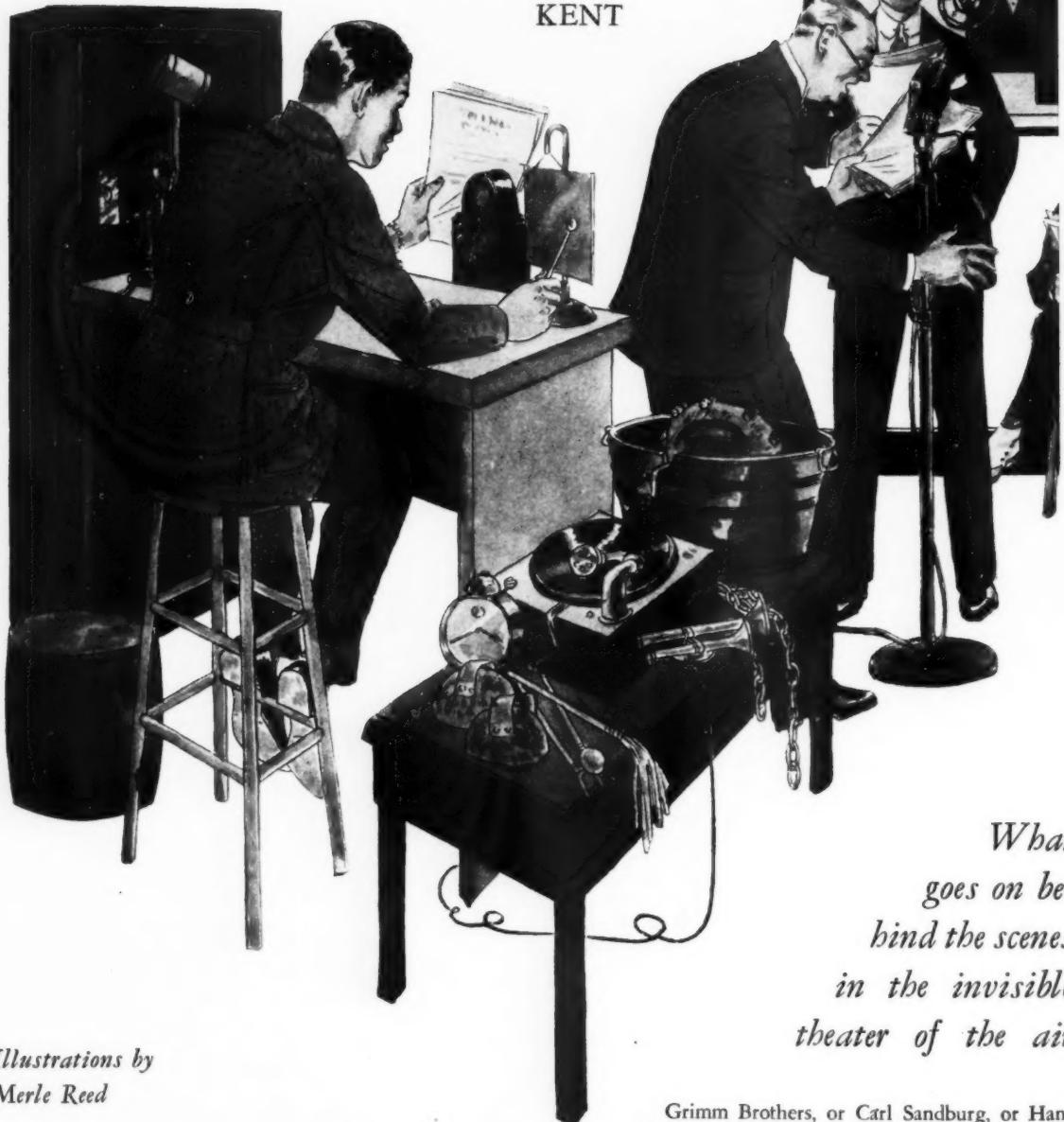
There were no girls on board with whom she might have passed the time, and Paul spent most of his days in company with a boy from Hong Kong, so when Mrs. Warriner said periodically, "My dear, don't let that child impose on you," Linda replied truthfully, "He doesn't, Mrs. Warriner. I love taking care of him." She fussed about him constantly, delighting to show him off in his abbreviated starched costumes of pink, or blue, or yellow. It was a real thrill when he piped, "My wants Linda." She was actually sad on the fifth evening when she kissed him good-night with the realization that she would have to part with him in two more days.

On this evening Mrs. Warriner was playing bridge in the saloon, as usual. Linda undressed, tried the door to be sure she had left it unlatched for her, adjusted the covers around Jimmie, and climbed into her berth. It must have been two hours later that she was awakened by the slap-slap of bare feet running along the corridors. She sat up, startled.

"Mrs. Warriner," she called (*Continued on page 34*)

Ears Only

By GEORGE
KENT



Illustrations by
Merle Reed

THIS is the story of the five hundred and ninety-eight towers. Not dark towers where fairy princesses are held captive, but towers of laughter and music and good common sense. Most of us have never seen them—and actually there has been no need—because we have been given special, magical boxes which enable us to hear all that goes on within their walls.

This, as you may have guessed, is a story of radio—for the five hundred and ninety-eight towers are the five hundred and ninety-eight broadcasting stations of America. It is a tale of magic as potent as anything that ever was written by the

*What
goes on be-
hind the scenes
in the invisible
theater of the air*

Grimm Brothers, or Carl Sandburg, or Hans Christian Andersen. That radio set of yours, if you but knew it, is more uncanny than Aladdin's lamp, and stranger than the purse which always had a shilling in it, no matter how much you spent.

The trouble with us is, we have grown so accustomed to radio we never stop to wonder about it any more. We turn the knobs of our radio boxes as casually as we turn on taps in the bathtub. We are never startled by the fact that music, drama, and comedy come flowing into our homes as promptly and as abundantly as water. If we paused to think, we'd ask a thousand questions, for we'd want to know how on earth the thing works.



In this story we are not going to weigh you down with a lot of talk about machinery. No, this is a tale of the studios—a little "snoop" tour behind the scenes of broadcasting, so that you may know how programs are put together, and how they go out on the air to you.

Now, a broadcast of a play is quite different from a stage play, or a movie. If you were to shut your eyes in a movie, you'd quickly discover that merely listening was not enough. There are facial expressions, movements, action, which you must see if you are to understand what is going on. When you listen to the radio, you see nothing—yet it is all quite clear. Radio, you might say, is a vast theater in which seventy-five million people sit with their backs to the stage—and laugh, weep, appreciate, and applaud, in spite of the fact that they can *see* nothing.

I do not care what program you examine—all of them tell their stories with the help of one sense only, the ear. From Buck Rogers, with his rocket planes and weird inventions, right on to the *March of Time*, they all employ the same wizardry.

Take the last mentioned broadcast as an example. Here we have each week a news-reel in which nothing is seen. The important events of the week, whether they be earthquakes, fires, Presidential speeches, the birth of quintuplets, or a

meeting of the League of Nations—all of them are brought to you vividly, realistically. When you have done listening, you feel you have actually been present at the event, more so than you do after attending a news-reel presentation which gives you photographs and sounds from the scene itself.

Another good example is *Roses and Drums*. In it we have soldiers marching, riding, fighting. We have people scrambling through thickets, climbing poles, digging tunnels, swimming; columns of cavalry charging, people being shot, people wounded, dying; the romance of two men in love with a girl—in short, everything that takes place in a period of high excitement like the Civil War.

YOU who tune in on this program Sunday afternoons know all this, but have you ever stopped to think what a miracle it is, that all these things can come to you—right into your parlor—by means of sound alone? When Jeb Stuart rides singing into battle at the head of his troopers, you can almost smell the wet leather of the saddles, almost see the breath of the shivering men steam in the cold air. When Gordon Wright, the Northern captain, is shot and left for dead, you stiffen in your seat, and when the sobs of Betty Graham, the Southern girl whom he loves, break through the loud-speaker, your throat fills in sympathy for her sorrow. Yet this scene and the movement of Stuart's riders are nothing but sounds. Wouldn't you like to know how this invisible theater operates, how it manages to make you add sight and smell to what, after all, are merely noises fetched out of the air?

All right, then. Let's go into the broadcaster's workshop and see how radio programs are made. Like all other created things, they start with an idea. John Smith, who makes fine soap and would like to advertise it, may have the idea. Or it may come from an advertising agency. Or from a young author. From almost anyone.

The idea is the beginning. The real work, the hard work, follows—the real magic, too. The second step is done by the

radio play-writer. At first glance, his play will seem like any other you have read, but if you study it, you will see a difference. This man has written for ears only, and every line has been an action line, a pantomime line; every line has moved the story along, or painted a picture. In his manuscript there is no space for motionless lines, or for high-falutin sentiments which can't do double duty as aids to plot development.

When the play is delivered, the selection of the cast begins. It's an unusually difficult job. You have been told of the swarms of young people who go to Hollywood in the hope of becoming movie stars. Well, in this respect, radio is twice as bad. A great many youngsters, honest enough to realize they lack the face and the figure essential to success in the movies, have no such qualms about radio. I think everyone—or so it seems—has a firm conviction that, given an opportunity, he or she can succeed in radio. The truth is, however, that very few of these many thousand aspirants to radio careers ever go on the air. The number of programs is limited, and only the very best can be chosen.

NOw and then, specialists of one kind or another are required. The Director, casting for *Roses and Drums*, wanted a girl with a Southern accent for the part of Betty Graham. A girl with a French accent was needed for Marie, the Little French Princess. For the *March of Time*, capable mimics are in demand who are able to give good imitations of the voices of prominent people like the President, Senator Borah, Bernard Shaw, and others.

One girl I know—Sally Belle Cox—earns her living by crying for the radio. Her specialty is imitating the crying of babies. She developed her "art" while a counselor in girls' camps.

Miss Cox got her start imitating the baby in the program *Raising Junior*, in which she gave the cry of an infant eighteen months old. This, she said, was easy. The five-months-old child in *Show Boat* was more difficult, but she accomplished her task by muffling her cry with a pillow. Her crying was so realistic that one listener wrote in to ask if the baby was ill, or if they pinched it to make it howl.

To perform the parts of historical figures in certain outstanding air dramas, famous actors, stars of Broadway and Hollywood, were chosen. And here I'm going to let you in on a secret—not so much because it's a secret as for its significance. On the air, many of these actors did not maintain their reputations. They could not accustom themselves to the fact that they were acting to an audience with its back turned. They could not act with their voices alone, but instead made faces at the microphone, waved their arms, and stamped on the floor. The best actors, the producers discovered, were young people with not too much stage experience.

Hand in hand with the selection of actors goes another important chore—the selection of music. No program in radio can do without music, because music is to radio what

the curtain is to the stage. Not only does it indicate passage of time and change of scene—but it sets the mood, creates the atmosphere. You'd think it mighty queer if, after a tearful episode in a radio drama, the orchestra were to strike up some nonsense tune, and that's why you never hear it done.

Now that the preliminaries are over, we can get on with the play. Word goes out from the Director's office and the actors assemble in one of the studios of the station from which the broadcast is to take place. In Radio City in New York, a red light flashes on the moment they enter, spelling out the word *rehearsal*. This means that interruptions are forbidden, but will be tolerated if necessary. If the red lights spell out *on the air*, then the doors cannot be opened, no matter how important the errand of the visitor.

The studios vary in size, but all of them have certain furnishings in common. First, the microphones—which are nothing more or less than electrical ears, ears many times more sensitive than our own.

To one side of every studio is a sound-proof, glass-walled cabin known as the control room. The sounds made in the studio pass first to the control room where an engineer amplifies or diminishes their volume. His is an important job. Without him programs would often be either indistinct or deafening.

The actors come in, sliding lazily into armchairs, perching on tables, on pianos. They keep their places as the rehearsal begins. They sit and read their parts. The Director sits among them, listening. If a speech is poorly read, he suggests how the reading may be improved.

ONE pleasant feature of radio is that the actors do not have to memorize their lines. Inasmuch as their audience cannot see them, they can read the parts directly from the manuscript. But they must be careful not to turn the pages.

The mike catches the slightest sound, and the rattling of paper would be heard all over the land. Usually the actors let the pages float down to the heavily-carpeted floor as rapidly as they are read.

When the actors are thoroughly familiar with their lines, the Director retires to the control room—where he can hear the rehearsal much as a radio audience does. The actors now take their places at the microphone. If the cast of the play is small, they will use only one mike; if it is large, they may use as many as four.

As the actors go through the play, the Director, looking out through the glass wall of the control room, watches their feet and the distance they stand from the microphone. Sometimes he comes out, and draws chalk-lines to indicate the distance at which their voices are heard best. Inches before the mike are feet in the imagination of the listeners. If an actor is saying good-by, he walks backward away from the instrument as he says it. Entering a room, he conveys the impression of one approaching from a distance by starting to speak twelve feet from the mike, and continuing to speak as he walks slowly toward it.

Amos and Andy, as you prob- (Continued on page 35)

Remembering

By THOMAS TOBEY

Tonight the dark is cool as the wind,
As thick, as soft as a spaniel's fur,
The house is a silent charcoaled frame,
Against the dark but a dusty blur.

The woodchucks roll from the old stone wall
To nibble the trembling cabbage tips,
Across the stones at the side of the hill
Thirstily the thin brook drips;

Breathless with dew the syringa sways
Under the heaven's unstarred cover,
Over away from the beetles' paths
The tiny-throated violets hover.

Down in the valley, like cats' eyes shining,
Lights in a window softly burn;
Our house is eyeless, unlit, silent,
Empty, awaiting our return.

The gilt-framed pictures, the figured chintz,
Glow by no lamp or firelight,
But the wind is cool, and the squirrels, unseen,
Dance on the roof in the thick, dark night.

The Spite Chest

had always deserved its reputation until that day when the British raided Newark

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

ON a certain stormy day in the year 1777 Hilary Lamson stood upon her father's doorstep in the village of Newark, New Jersey. She was sheltered by the overhang of the roof, as she peered up the narrow street where a man and his ox-cart were slowly approaching. It was not the man nor his beasts which had caught her interest, but the odd, rectangular object that was slung across the cart-straps. Indeed, so glued was her gaze upon this strange load that Master Dodd, the driver, when he reached her at last and pulled up his oxen, must needs speak twice before he could gain her attention.

"Well, young mistress," he drawled, in a tone of amusement, "have you fallen in love that you stand dreaming?"

Hilary blushed. "I leave that foolishness to others," she laughed. Then remembering her manners, she added, "But won't you come in, Master Dodd?"

"Yes, for I have a piece of furniture to deliver to your mother," answered the farmer. He sprang to the muddy road, carefully furled the long, stinging tongue of his whip around its handle, and placed it upon the cart. His oxen, brought thus to a standstill after their trip from his farm near what is now known as First Mountain in Orange, stood with patient, drooping heads, oblivious to the rain beating upon their steaming bodies. Hilary could not refrain from stealing another curious glance at the object on the ox-cart when Farmer Dodd left the big animals and mounted the steps to the Lamsons' front door.

"What is it?" thought the girl. "It looks almost like a coffin." She shuddered. "In the rain, covered by those hides, it has an evil look, somehow!" But aloud she merely grumbled as she pushed at the door, "What ails this door? It does not budge, lifted latch or not!"

"It may be the damp weather," suggested Master Dodd. "Let me push."

"No, I remember now—it is locked!" And Hilary banged the knocker. "You see, my mother was nervous this morning, for word is going around that a British raid upon Newark has been planned. So, because she baked bread to carry with us if we are forced to flee to the Mountain for refuge, she bolted our doors."

"Bolted your doors?" The farmer's voice was puzzled.

"So that the British might not come upon us unawares and take the bread for their own use, as they have upon other occasions," explained Hilary.

"I see." Master Dodd nodded. "My good wife baked bread for a similar reason today—that we might have some to take with us, too, in case the enemy comes. But we did not think to protect

our supplies from their thievery by bolting the doors."

"Will you be forced to flee, sir? Are you not safe from the British on your farm, so far from Newark?"

"You forget, Mistress Hilary, that the enemy have a way of crossing over from Staten Island by boat to Elizabethtown, and so marching upon us from the south by way o' Springfield."

"Then—" faltered Hilary, her face paling, "then it will be no use for us to flee to the Mountain for hiding, if the British march so near it."

"Never worry!" Master Dodd spoke kindly. "I'll warrant your father has been in communication with our fighting parson, Master Chapman, and doubtless he knows of the hut in the woods on the mountain-top for just such emergency."

Suddenly he was stopped by a quick gesture of Hilary's. "Please, sir," she implored in a hurried whisper, "say no more! Yonder comes Selina Ogden who must know nothing of patriot plans, for she belongs to the—"

"She belongs to the loyalist family by name of Ogden here in Newark?" questioned Master Dodd. At Hilary's nod, he turned to gaze with darkening face at the young girl picking her way upon pattens toward them. Her pattens,

Illustrations by
Harve Stein



HILARY, I DO NOT WANT TO FRIGHTEN YOU, BUT THE RED-COATS ARE CHASING ME. QUICK! HIDE ME!

making her appear taller than she really was, were wooden sandals on three inch stilts supporting toes and heels, to lift her out of the mire.

"Selina and I have been friends all our lives," murmured Hilary in an undertone. "If only she weren't a Tory! Sometimes I can't believe it, for I'm so fond of her. And it is hard to watch your tongue, and to remember all the time that one you love is really an enemy." She turned and sounded the knocker again.

Rounding the ox-cart, Selina called out gayly, "Don't go in yet! I have something to show you!" And holding the hood of her cardinal close against the rain, she ran the last few yards, with such ridiculous result of flapping pattens that it made her laugh, and the others with her, so that Mistress Lamson opened the door to a gale of mirth.

At sight of the farmer with the two girls, Hilary's mother gave a flurried twitch to her cap, and glanced down apologetically at her floury apron. "Why, now, Squire Dodd," she exclaimed in some confusion, "if I had known it was company instead of Hilary, whom I sent upon an errand, I might have waited to look a little more circumspect before answering your knock."

"'Tis nothing," answered the farmer quickly. "I happened to come to town, and so brought the chest you purchased from my wife last week, which I promised to deliver."

YE?" Mistress Lamson peered over his shoulder up the street. "That is good, though you might have chosen a better day, perhaps, what with this talk of a British raid and all. But come in, Master Dodd, come in!"

As Selina slipped off her pattens and followed Hilary inside, the farmer shook his head. "I'll fetch in the chest at once, if you please," he replied.

"Very well. Bring it in this way, straight through the front door, for it is easier than traipsing around to the kitchen door in the rain," said Mistress Lamson.

Presently the two girls, who had hurried straight out to the kitchen fire to dry their damp clothing, became aware of commotion. It was Mistress Lamson, running ahead to measure the kitchen door, to see if the great chest which Master Dodd bore upon his shoulders would go through it safely.

"Yes, it's wide enough," she called reassuringly. Staggering under its weight, grunting and puffing notwithstanding the strength of his broad shoulders, Master Dodd entered the kitchen and lowered the chest to the sanded floor. As he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, Selina uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Why, it's the old spite chest!"

Master Dodd and Mistress Lamson exchanged quick glances, and the latter compressed her lips. But Hilary laughed.

"The spite chest? What do you mean, Selina?"

Selina, instead of answering directly, came forward and bent to inspect the piece of furniture just delivered. "Yes," she repeated triumphantly, "it is the old Ogden spite chest. I'd know it anywhere. But see, for proof, here are the initials 'S. O.' for Sarah Ogden, carved right here in this end!" She pointed at them.

"But why is it called the spite chest?" persisted Hilary. "Do tell me!"

"No! It is foolish nonsense and best forgotten, that story of the Ogden chest, begging your pardon, Selina," interrupted Mistress Lamson. She turned to the Squire. "Have you the key in your pocket, sir?"

"Here it is! But let me open it for you." And Master Dodd, producing a key, turned the lock and threw back the lid of the chest. The girls peered eagerly inside it.



YOU have kept it in fine condition," observed Mistress Lamson. "Now let us see if the secret spring holding this tray in place still works?"

As she spoke, Hilary's mother touched a hidden spring and lifted out a shallow tray, revealing a large compartment underneath.

"Yes, the spring works all right." Squire Dodd gave a sudden chuckle. "It worked so well that my wife used to hide our silver beneath the tray; then replacing the tray,

we would fill it to the brim with oats so that anyone glancing within would think it but a chest full of grain. Since the chest is too heavy to carry away on horseback—indeed, a man could hide within the lower compartment—we have been without fear concerning what wealth we have."

"I wonder that you sold the chest, then," said Hilary bluntly.

Master Dodd gave a gesture of pride. "My wife sold her silver to help feed our brave army, so that she no longer needs a hiding place for it." There was defiance in his glance, as it rested on the young Tory.

"Mistress Dodd is a true and good patriot," remarked the mother of Hilary. "And I think your idea of using the

NO sooner had they disappeared into the adjacent room than Hilary seized her friend by the arm. "Now, Selina," she whispered eagerly, "tell me about that spite chest! It sounds romantic."

"No, my dear, for your mother—" Selina lifted protesting hands.

Hilary tossed her head. "I am sixteen, and quite old enough to judge matters for myself. Indeed, David says—"

Selina glanced up, sudden interest in her eyes. "What does he say?"

"He says Mother does not realize that I am growing up, but for me to be patient, for she will, ere long."

"David is with Washington's troops, I suppose?" Selina's tone, asking about Hilary's brother, was almost too careless.

"Yes—and he writes—"

But here Hilary broke off. Selina, she remembered, not only had quarreled bitterly with David the last time they had met, but also she was a Tory, and therefore not to be trusted concerning patriot plans. "No matter, now, about David," she said. "Tell me instead about that spite chest."

Obviously unaware that the subject had been changed abruptly, Selina was staring

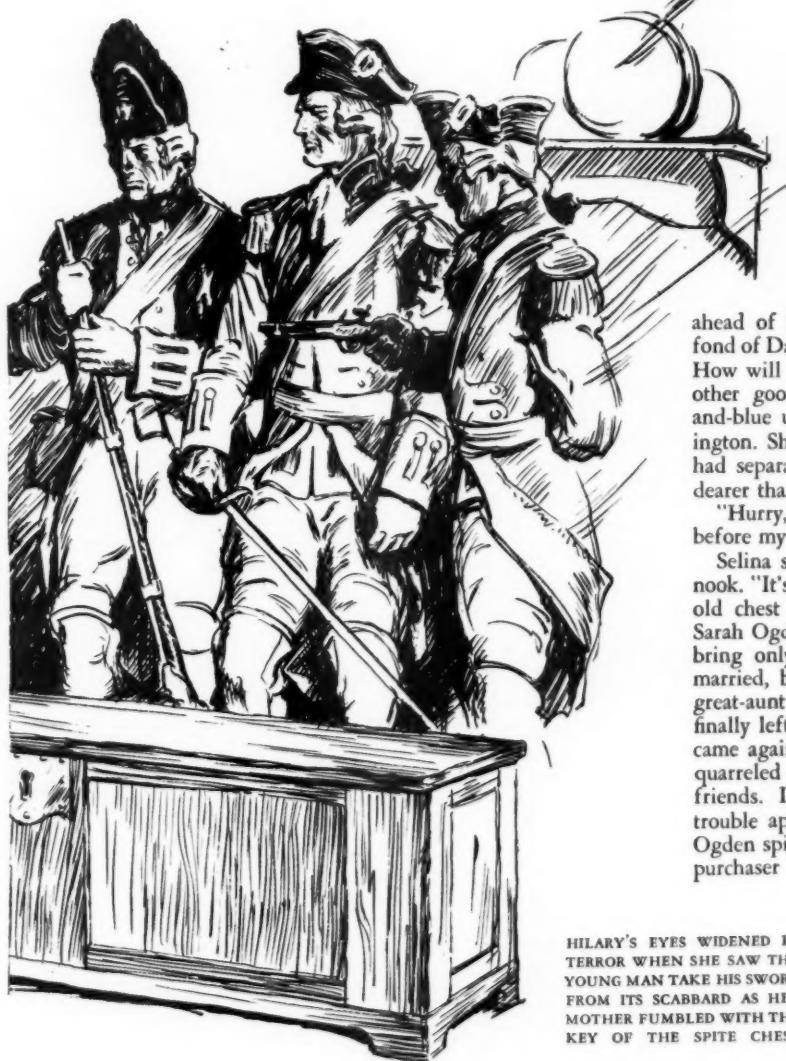
ahead of her with sad and absent gaze. She is fond of David still, as he is of her, thought Hilary. How will it all end? They did not even bid each other good-by when David, donning the buff-and-blue uniform, marched away to join Washington. She sighed impatiently. Already the war had separated friends, and those who had been dearer than friends.

"Hurry," she begged, "tell about the spite chest before my mother returns!"

Selina sat down beside the other in the ingle nook. "It's not much of a story," she began. "That old chest was made for a great-aunt of mine, Sarah Ogden, by her betrothed; but it seemed to bring only disagreement into their lives. They married, but they were very unhappy. Then my great-aunt quarreled with her daughters, and finally left the chest to a distant cousin. But woe came again, for the cousin who received it soon quarreled with her husband, and his family and friends. Indeed, wherever it went, it brought trouble apparently. So it acquired its name—the Ogden spite chest—for when sold, each time the purchaser seemed to buy a thing bewitched."

"Is that all to the story?" demanded Hilary, when Selina stopped. She was disappointed. "Why, that's just superstition."

Selina laughed. "I told you there was not much to the tale," she reminded. Then she rose and went over to where



HILARY'S EYES WIDENED IN TERROR WHEN SHE SAW THE YOUNG MAN TAKE HIS SWORD FROM ITS SCABBARD AS HER MOTHER FUMBBLED WITH THE KEY OF THE SPITE CHEST

chest for grain is an excellent one, Squire," she went on, in a brisker tone. "We do not really need another piece upstairs. I wish 'twas—"

"I shall be glad to move it for you, ma'am," replied Master Dodd.

"That is kind of you, sir. I'd like it moved into the store-room."

"As you like." And Master Dodd dragged the heavy box out of the kitchen.

her cardinal—a long, hooded cape—was spread before the fire to dry. Fumbling in the hood, she drew out a richly embroidered bag such as women wore beneath their skirts. "See, Hilary, I said that I had something to show you! It's a new petticoat bag my aunt in New York town sent me. I wore it in my hood to keep it dry!"

With a cry of pleasure, Hilary took the bag her friend held out to her. "Oh, it's lovely!" she exclaimed. "But, Selina," she looked up hesitantly, "it seems almost wicked

for anyone to spend so much for a pretty trifle like this—I do not doubt your aunt paid well for it—when men are starving in our Colonies."

At this, the brightness faded from Selina's face. She whirled toward the stool where lay her cape. "Let them starve if they fight against our king!" she retorted. She jerked the cardinal around her slim shoulders. "As for you, Hilary Lamson, if you feel thus about my relatives—calling my aunt wicked because she spent her money to please me—I think it best we part."

Thunderstruck, Hilary sat and stared up at her. "Why, Selina," she protested, "I spoke unthinkingly! I did not mean to offend you!" She sprang across the big kitchen to bar the way when the other, pink-cheeked, with head held high, stalked toward the front door. "Lina," she begged, "do not go in anger, my dear. You cannot spoil our years of friendship this way—indeed, you must not."

"Let me pass, please!" Selina answered with flashing eyes, and swept out of the house. "I will not be friends with a—rebel!"

As the front door banged behind her, Hilary returned to the fireplace. She sank down upon the ingle-nook seat, and buried her face in her hands. "*The spite chest!*" she groaned. "It has commenced its evil spell already."

THREE was silence then in the big kitchen, although from the next room Mistress Lamson's voice could be heard in conversation with Farmer Dodd. Hilary shivered, moved nearer to the large fireplace in which burned several logs. It was lonely without Selina beside her. She had taken something away with her—a comradery of long standing—although, as Hilary now perceived, she had left her dainty new bag lying where her cape had been.

The fire crackled and snapped, the sparks flying up the chimney. Against the small-paned windows beat the rain. But now another sound came to Hilary's ears—the sound of running feet! Someone was coming swiftly around to the kitchen door, from the village lane.

She started up. "It's Selina coming back again!" she thought, with joy.

But it was not Selina who confronted her when she threw open the door. She stood staring at the tall, uniformed figure of her brother, scarce crediting her eyesight until David stepped inside, and lifted her in his arms in a great bear-hug. When he had placed her upon her feet again, however, he spoke in a breathless voice.

"Hilary, I do not want to frighten you—but the red-coats are chasing me. It's a raid from Staten Island. Can you hide me somewhere? Think quickly! Shall I hide in the barn? Please do not stand there staring, my dear. It's a raid on the town."

Mistress Lamson re-entered the kitchen in time to catch his words. She ran to him. "A raid, Davie? Alack, I was afraid so!"

"Wait—let the boy speak!" Master Dodd, following her, had caught something in David's hunted glance which his mother had not seen as she kissed him. "You carry dispatches, perhaps?"

David Lamson gave him a grateful glance. "Yes, from New York town." His tone was low, desperate. "I must get

them into His Excellency's hands. It's my first commission. I must not fail."

Then, as though to make matters as terrifying as possible, there came a loud knocking at the other door.

Mistress Lamson turned pale, and Hilary's hands flew to press against her heart.

Squire Dodd spoke hastily. "It is the front door, I think. That means you have not been seen yet through the kitchen windows."

"Mother," gasped Hilary, "why not hide David in the chest Squire Dodd just brought? He said it was large enough to hide a man."

"The very place!" exclaimed the farmer.

Mistress Lamson rushed ahead to remove the tray. They all crowded after her and watched with bated breath when David stepped into the chest and, stuffing his cocked hat beneath him, lay at full length in the bottom compartment.

Again came that thunderous knock, followed by the loud-spoken command, "Open, in the King's name!"

"Answer the door, Hilary," bade Mistress Lamson, bending to lift the tray back into place, with Master Dodd's help. "The Squire and I will arrange the grain. It is right here at hand. Best smooth the sand on the kitchen floor where we dragged the chest across, too."

Hilary gave a sudden, low wail. "But David will smother!" She looked down at her brother with horror in her eyes before her mother clapped the tray into place.

HAVE no fear," reassured Master Dodd. "I once thought this chest might be my own hiding place, so I bored holes for air where they cannot be seen. Better hurry, though, Hilary," he added, as a third knock came to their ears. "No need to make them angry."

As she stumbled toward the front door, after re-sanding the kitchen floor in hasty fashion, the girl tried to steady her trembling lips. So well did she succeed in re-capturing her poise that, when she flung open the upper half of the door, the young officer in British uniform standing there, about to exclaim angrily, took off his hat instead and made a gallant bow.

"I am sorry to trouble you, mistress," he said, "but we have traced a certain rebel, by name o' David Lamson, to your door and must beg permission to enter and search the premises."

Well-knowing that the permission was merely a gesture of politeness and that, whether it was given or not, the officer and his men would enter willy-nilly, Hilary curtseyed and swung open the lower half of the door.

The British crowded into the hall, and one of them stamped out into the kitchen. He returned soon with the report that he had found a varlet there who would not tell his name.

A quick frown appeared upon the officer's brow. "Let us see," he muttered, and strode out into the kitchen.

With fast-beating heart, Hilary followed him; but it was Master Dodd who was being questioned.

"Is not your name Swaine, and do you not serve under the rebel Washington?" thundered the officer.

A flush appeared upon Squire Dodd's face, but he kept his temper. "I am not the man you (Continued on page 31)

Country Bridges

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Bridges were not made for man alone.
They were made for phoebe birds,
And for little sharp-nosed foxes
Trotting home at night
When the weeds are heavy
And the moon is white,
That dry-footed they may go
On their mission, east or west;
And beneath the wheel-tracked floor
Sits the phoebe on her nest,
Hugging babies to her breast.
Bridges were not made for man alone.

If a Girl Likes to Write—*Being Fatherly Advice to a Daughter with the Literary Urge*

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

Illustrations by Gertrude Howe

IF I had been an average American father in the 1850's, and you, my daughter, had told me you wished to be a writer, I would have stroked my long flowing whiskers indignantly and fairly snorted that writing was man's work, if anything.

"But, Papa," you might have ventured to persist, "pray consider the Misses Warner whose novels are greatly admired and purchased by the hundreds of thousands nowadays."

I would have looked you up and down from Eugenie hat to pantelettes, and frowned portentously, a frown at which you would have trembled as daughters did then at such a sign of paternal displeasure. Yet you might have managed to bring out in your quaint way this protest:

"Truly, Papa, I aspire to the achievement of Miss Maria E. Cummings whose book, *The Lamplighter*, teaches a noble lesson. And what of Mrs. Stowe whose tale of slavery is creating such a pother? Might I not, too, inspired by high purpose, take pen in hand for prose and poesy?"

"No, never!" would have rung out my stern ultimatum. "A female who writes for publication is inelegant and ungentle. Never mention the matter again."

And that, if I read my social history aright, would be that.

But if you asked me today, "Father, may I grow up to write?" I could not begin to pretend that writing was not a suitable pursuit for your sex, or that men any longer dominate the profession. For so many of the book-backs and magazine covers I scan resemble the dance cards of my youth—all over Ednas, Marys, Dorothys, and Julias. So my answer would be, "Yes, my darling daughter," and I am eager for the chance to give it.

At your age, my child, you are not a bit too young to launch yourself on a career which, granted a gleam of talent and a willingness to work hard, is one of the best a girl can adopt. You ought to begin now to lay the foundations which every writer must have, sooner or later, to build upon. Many of us, who have drifted into authorship late and perhaps by accident, would have been saved a lot of time and trouble if we had sunk those foundations early.

It has been truly said that the way to learn to write is to write. Yet that does not mean that the arts and crafts, and tricks, and tools, of the trade should be left to chance acquisition. Genius may have no need of them. But I, proud parent though I be, assume that I am not dealing with genius. Decidedly it will take effort, but none of that effort will be wasted, even if you turn out to be a mute, inglorious Miss Milton and pen no more original and polished phrases than "accepts with pleasure," or "I want you to be the first to know . . ."

Not for a minute will the training I am about to mention



LEARN TO COMPOSE ON A TYPE-WRITER SO YOUR FINGERS MAY KEEP UP WITH YOUR THOUGHTS

seek to supplant or disrupt your regular education. I am certainly not going to try to make our home just another schoolroom. You have enough of that all day, and it would mean no rest for the weary parent. Your school and many others today, even in the early grades, encourage definite bents and purposes. All I would like to try to do is a little coaching from the sidelines.

DAUGHTER, I advise all the literature and all the history you can handle. Those subjects are the background, the raw material, the shining sign-posts for your journey. If you cannot leave the beaten path when the time comes, and strike out across the field of originality—if your mirror shows no new reflections—then authorship is not for you. Yet you will have learned to be a reader, and gained a lifelong joy. Though you can produce no *magnum opus*, you will have acquired a precious *vade secum*.

Those are Latin phrases, my child. The first means masterpiece, and the second—something that sticks with you. Latin is called a dead language, and many of your fellow students, hearing it's not only dead but difficult, are only too happy to let it lie buried forever. But there's life in the old tongue yet. It is alive and kicking in your native English speech. Every sentence or so you write, or say, contains words derived from Latin, and words are the tools of your trade. You can work best with an ample vocabulary, which is to say, a full tool-chest. You must be able to express shades of meaning, to find the right word for the right place—in short, *le mot juste*.

Gracious! More foreign entanglement. Yes, French is on the cards, too; and German perhaps; and Italian possibly. It is not that I wish you to annoy your readers by sprinkling your pages with foreign phrases which may be Greek to

them. But the modern languages will help you in the study of the races speaking them, and their literature is best appreciated in the original. If you go in for research, you will find that English translations are not always available. And if you travel to write of the folk and the things you see, you will discover that a true understanding is only possible if you speak the language of the land. Latin, by the way, will aid you in learning a number of the modern tongues which sprang from it. So you're going to study Latin, French, and so forth? You are, if paternal authority still packs a punch.

Reluctantly I approach the worst of the Three R's. 'Rithmetic, I grant you as one writer to another, Daughter, is a frightful subject. Myself when young suffered agonies from it, but it comes under the head of necessary evils. Dismiss higher mathematics for the horror they are, but con your simple sums. You may have to figure book royalties some day. If you receive checks for stories, it's handy to be able to enter them in your check book without undue confusion. As for those annoying problems about *A* and *B* dividing apples, and Tom and Dick rowing up a river at so many miles per hour—well, even they have their uses. The plot of every story you may write is a problem. For instance, Tom and Dick both are eager to row Anne up the river, and Anne is anxious to reach her destination early so she can be the belle of the ball. Tom can row more miles per hour, but Dick is a handsome chap. With whom does Anne row, and where does she go from there? Work it out some time, Daughter.

So even mathematics will be useful to you some day, child. I think that all your studies will seem easier when you realize that side of them. For your generation, brought up under the shadow of the Depression, has absorbed a sense of practicality and economy, and is the better for it.

I encourage you to read poetry, not only for its own charm and for its inspiration to you to try to write it yourself, but also that you may employ it for apt quotation. That will be invaluable to you in writing-craft and in the lost art of conversation, should you be one of those reviving it. The old worthies were noted for their table-talk which was not confined to correcting the table-manners of the young.

Speaking of poetry, and of stately prose, too, I would have you know the Bible thoroughly. Of course the Bible is more than great literature and a writer's textbook. It teaches the things of the spirit and, believe me, it is through those realms a writer soars to the heights. Your wings are Faith which dares believe the unknowable, and Imagination, which also is a gift from God.

*The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.*

That apt quotation, my dear, is tossed off to remind you to make a friend of Will Shakespeare who thought it up about three hundred and fifty years ago, along with lots of other good lines.

Books are your friends. But you must learn to know people, too, and their characters and their deeds and misdeeds in the world about you. They are such stuff as life is made on. There must be life in that which you write. If your pages seek to recreate the olden times, you must breathe life into them. Your tales of today must be stirring with it. Certainly one of the best ways to see many sides of life, as well as to learn to observe and to write, is reporting on a newspaper. Yet a job on the hard-pressed Press of today is easier suggested than landed. The thought may be tailed, since for you it lies well beyond school and college days.

THERE is no reason why you should not get a start with the mechanics of your profession, Daughter. Typing, for one. It is not hard to learn how to think through a typewriter. Faster than the pen or pencil, it is not so far outsped by swift thought. Editors distinctly prefer that manuscripts submitted to them be typed, and it is as worth while humorizing editors as it is fathers. Then there is shorthand, invaluable aid in note-taking, and in all reporting and interviewing. How to use a library is also in the curriculum and that, like the other accomplishments I have mentioned, will come in handy for you all through school and college. And you should have your own shelf of work and reference books; encyclopedias, thesaurus, dictionaries, almanac, rhyming lexicon. It is no shame to employ them, nor need they make your writing stilted and mechanical. How could you hold all their knowledge and know-how in your head?

Does it look as if I were laying ties for a one-track mind? I do not mean it to be. True, writing must be a main line in the system, but there are to be spurs and branches. Music, for one, with the rhythm it may lend writing; with its inspiration and relaxation. Others of the arts that may appeal. Sports, for their own and health's sake, and because you may write of them. Cooking, for the same reasons. People like to read stories with good food in them; and when you acquire a husband, he will be happy if your fiction dishes have a basis in fact. The social graces—your characters must know how to behave properly. Yes, decidedly you must take in a lot of parties. I thought you would like that idea.

Have you that gleam of talent I referred to some paragraphs ago as justification for all this filial planning and provision for a writing career? I dare hope that you have.

Literary composition, you confide in me, is hard work. I confess that I find it so, also. However, we mutually agree that it's pleasant when somebody likes what we write, and both your teacher and I liked the story of yours which began:

Barbara lived in a little log cabin by the brook. She was a Puritan girl and sometimes she would get quite bored at being so prim. When she did she would climb up into the big pine tree whose branches hung over the brook. She would sit there listening to the splashing of the brook as it trickled over the stones.

There are limits for proud parents who would a-quoting go. Enough is enough. But I wish, with all my heart, you would go on writing. Won't you, my dear?



YES, DECIDEDLY YOU MUST TAKE IN A LOT OF PARTIES. YOUR CHARACTERS SHOULD KNOW THE SOCIAL GRACES



THE HARNESS SEEMED
AS HEAVY AS LEAD IN
HER ARMS. SOMETHING
STIRRED IN THE DARK-
NESS AND SHE LET OUT
A HYSTERICAL SCREAM

Illustrations by
Joseph Stabley

The

Heedless Haydens

By

LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

*Bendy shows the "Hateful Neighbor"
that a Hayden is not always heedless*

THE STORY SO FAR: The Haydens of the Rocking Chair Ranch, a large happy-go-lucky family, had frittered away their land to pay for impractical schemes. They were alarmed to find that a hostile old woman, "All-alone" Smith, had bought all the land they sold. Bendy Hayden, the oldest daughter, bought a dairy herd, borrowing part of the money from the bank and giving the herd as security. She promised the family she would save the ranch by selling milk and cream.

But, as her sister Laura said, Bendy was heedless. She thought more about an attractive new neighbor, Jim Thorne, who raised horses, than about selling cream; and though she always squabbled with Jim, she enjoyed driving his car in return for delivering milk at his ranch. To impress Jim, she spent one entire cream check for slippers to wear with her new dress to the Grange dance. At the dance Bendy learned that her cows were sick from eating wet alfalfa, which she had thoughtlessly given them. Two of them died, to her bitter sorrow.

Afterward Bendy resolved she would never be heedless again. She remembered, with anxiety, that she had saved no money to repay the loan from the bank.

PART VI

BENDY, with Joe's help, hitched Tillie and Tom to the wagon. With Ruble sniffing inquisitively at their heels, they chained the tan roadster to the back. Bendy couldn't rest until she took back Jim Thorne's car. For this bitterly honest Bendy could no longer fool herself that the small amount of milk she took to his ranch every third evening was a fair exchange for the use of the car. Jim Thorne had merely put it that way to help her out, and she—even as Skipper Ann—had gladly accepted.

Goosie, breathless and snuffly and snow-covered, came running after the wagon, managed to scramble inside, brushing against Bendy, all pleased pride.

Bendy hoped Jim would be sleeping after the dance. It would be easier just to say to Thomassa, or Bernardo, "I brought back Don Jimmy's car. Tell him I appreciate his letting me have it, but I won't need it any more."

Jim Thorne was not sleeping. He was at the watering trough with one of his Palamino mares. He was bare-headed and the flakes of snow showed white in his black hair. He started the mare back to the barn, and came over to Bendy.

"How are the cows?" he asked. "I'd have come over to help if I'd known in time."

"Two of them died. I fed them wet alfalfa." Let him call her heedless and shiftless! He, with his smugness and his taking such good care of his horses! She added, "I brought you the milk I should have brought last evening.

It wasn't a fair exchange, so I'm leaving your car here. I won't need it any more." She fumbled with the chain and ropes at the back of the wagon.

"Why won't you need it now?" he asked. "You can't drive your car."

"I'm going to fasten our car on, and tow it in to Slow Water. I think Mike at the garage can patch it up."

"I don't think he can, Bendy. I looked it all over. There's not much that doesn't need patching up."

"I have the wagon, and Tillie and Tom," she told him grimly. "I can haul cream with them."

"But it'll take three or four times as long."

"My time isn't worth money," she said with hard flippancy. "At least I won't be under obligation to someone who feels sorry for a bunch of nitwits."

"What makes you feel like that?"

"I'll tell you," she answered. "I started in hating you for saying we were slack and shiftless. And now I hate myself for being just that."

Jim Thorne took a step nearer. "Aren't you being foolish, Bendy—and childish?"

"No," she cried. "For the first time in my life I am not being foolish, or childish. All my life I have been that. I was childish before, when I took your car for the little bit of milk you people used—just because it was fun to skim along in it after that old rattle-trap of ours. Just because I—" *Set a watch, Oh Lord, about my lips!* She had almost said it,

"Because I liked to stop at your place, hoping to see you."

There! The knot was untied that fastened Jim's car to the wagon's coupling pole; the chain dropped heavily into the soft snow. Bendy looked toward the desolate, snow-covered car that was theirs. She straightened, unconsciously thrusting her coldest hand under her chin to warm it. Some of her bitterness had to come out. "You bought salve from Skipper Ann—yes, even while you were laughing up your sleeve at us. We've always taken favors so easily. But from now on, I'll not be beholden to you—not to anyone."

JIM THORNE didn't answer. He was looking at the leather coat with only a button and a half-button to hold it together—Oh, why couldn't she remember to sew buttons on it! He looked at her feet in those high-heeled, thin slippers. "Bendy, you're not dressed warm enough for a long ride into town in a snowstorm, in an open wagon. Why didn't you wear your boots?"

Her angry resentment flared anew. Why should he always treat her like a know-nothing child? She said, "What a nice motherly head of an orphans' home you'd make!"

"I expect I would," he answered evenly, but his chin set. "Come on into the kitchen. Your feet are sopping wet." He took her arm firmly, and piloted her over the threshold. "There, sit down by the fire. Thomassa, fix her a hot drink."

He went out of the room and came back with a pair of boots, substantial of sole, yet soft of leather. "I got these



for Bernardo, but they weren't fancy enough for him. They won't be much too big for you. Bernardo has always prided himself on his maidenly foot. That's how he won you, wasn't it, Thomassa, by having the smallest foot of any of the *caballeros*?"

"And because she prayed so loud," supplemented Thomassa.

"You wear these into Slow Water, Bendy, or you'll have frost-bitten feet for souvenirs. Just keep them if they fit you."

Bendy was seething inwardly. Hadn't she told him she was through taking favors from him?

He picked up the teakettle. "I'm taking your hot water, Thomassa," he said, and went out to the barn.

Thomassa waddled up, stirring the steamy contents of a red goblet. "That Don Jimmy, she work so hard—she never go to dance till late because she was so worry about that Pale Rosa mare and her little colt. *Madre de Dios*, thees colt has the heart that does not pump right. Senorita, you should hurry to put inside you thees so very hot milk, so you will not be of the color of pasteboard. I will put the boots on while you drink it."

"No," Bendy said, "I won't wear the boots."

She thanked Thomassa for the hot drink, went outside into the falling snow with the boots in her hand. Her anger was hot within her. Ordering her about like a child!

She opened the barn door a bit wider—it was already a little ajar—and stepped in. Out of the flurrying white and cold world, into the dimness and horseiness of the barn. At first she saw only mares' heads lifting over partitions, their eyes dark in their light faces, their creamy white tails switching back and forth. At first she heard only their contented puffings, and the crunching of grain. Then she saw Jim Thorne down on one knee beside a small foal, in a hollowed-out nest of straw behind the last stall. He didn't see her, for he was bending low, rubbing the long, bony legs.

That would be Pale Rosa there in the last stall, fidgeting, bumping against the wall, whinnying throatily—sometimes in shrill entreaty—lifting her head, her mouth dripping water, trying to look back at the man, and at her foal whose heart didn't pump right. "Steady, Pale Rosa, steady, girl! We're coming—getting a little blood into these long legs of your baby. Better now, Little Pete? That's what we decided to call him, wasn't it, Rosa—Little Pete?"

The colt struggled, trying to rise. "Hold on here, Petey, hold on! Here's another leg to rub yet. There now, we'll chance it."

HE put his hand under the body, lifted. With a great effort the long legs straightened, bore up the weight of the body, arched in that first pitiful attempt at standing. Only three legs held—only two legs, for one, then two, doubled under. "It's your head that weighs you down, Little Pete. You shouldn't have such a big head."

SHE SAW JIM THORNE DOWN ON ONE KNEE
BESIDE A SMALL FOAL, IN A HOLLOW NEST
OF STRAW BEHIND THE FARTHEST STALL

Or such big eyes! Bendy could see the eyes of the new foal, so big, so filled with questioning.

"Coming, Pale Rosa." Jim Thorne lifted the soft, leggy, stubby-tailed thing in his arms. Pale Rosa's quivering ecstasy was heart-wrenching to see. She tried to reach the colt with her slobbering caress. "Hold still, Foolish, it's breakfast he needs—not your slobbering. Hold still, Rosa—just a taste, and then he'll take hold." Bendy could hear Jim Thorne's labored breathing as he held the colt and quieted the fidgeting mare.

A sudden gust of wind caught the door, which Bendy had not shut tight, and swung it wide. A swirl of snowy whiteness swept through the barn. The mares shivered uneasily.

Jim Thorne looked up, blinded by the white draft. He said impatiently, "Get out, and shut that door tight! I'm trying to get Pale Rosa quieted down."

How was Bendy to know that he thought she was Bernardo, who was a poor hand around mares and colts? The exasperation in his voice was the last straw for her. To be treated like a bothering interrupter! "Here are your boots. I don't want them." Her voice broke with anger—and that made her even angrier. "I won't wear them, I'd rather have frostbitten feet. Here, take them!"

HE didn't even put down the tiny colt, but stood looking at her. Bendy's misery and utter weariness overcame her. She threw the boots vehemently. One hit the wall, bounced back and hit him on the knee. "I've told you over and over that I wouldn't be beholden to you."

She saw anger deepen his gray eyes. He, too, had trouble keeping his voice even. "You're a stubborn, nasty-tempered little vixen. And the next time you want anything, you'll come and ask for it—do you hear?"

But the girl was out of the door, banging it tight.

At the bank Ab Drummy was down on his knees, repairing a worn spot in the linoleum floor with a new piece which he meticulously fitted in. A queer mixture of hard-headed shrewdness and putteriness was old Ab Drummy.

Bendy said, "Abner told me you wanted to see me."

"Oh, yes, Bendy. How are the cows today?"

"Two of them died," she admitted flatly. "What did you want to see me about?" She knew it was bad news. When Abner had told her on the way to the dance that his uncle wanted to see her, she hadn't even given it a thought. But, sitting in the quiet of the barn last night with the sick cows, she had remembered, and had known as clearly as though someone had shouted it at her that it was bad news. It was as though it *had* to come, as though she had not suffered enough.

Ab Drummy sat back on his heels on the floor. "It's about your note, Bendy. The directors met the other day, and we had to raise some cash on what collateral we had. They sold your note for its cash value."

"Who bought it?" But she knew exactly what he would say.

"All-alone Smith bought it. I swear that woman always has cash. I suppose because she never spends a cent to hire help, or on herself—though, as I told her, she'll be blind as a bat if she don't get her eyes fitted." Bendy's teeth were chattering, and Ab said, "Here, get off that wet coat, and I'll hang it up. Are you going to be able to pay your note when the ninety days are up?"

"No." Bendy remembered how cream check after cream check had gone for something they just *had* to have. Because always in the back of her mind was the thought that the bank would renew the note, in case she couldn't pay it in full.

"You mean," she could hardly say the words for the

thudding in her chest, "that you think she'll take the herd if I can't pay it?"

"I don't know," Ab said hastily. "I don't know. She's a greedy old woman, Bendy. And bitter. As Ellie says, her milk of human kindness has clabbered. Though I don't know what she'd do with a bunch of cows, when she won't have help."

"She wants our Rocking Chair," Bendy shivered. "Maybe, if I save every cent I can, I can make it. No, I don't see how I can with the slack period that's bound to follow this colic . . . and two cows less."

She got to her feet, put on the clammy leather coat. Her eyes, which had been such a gay, reckless blue last night, were gray now. Her face was tired and pale, but set determinedly. "Every check from now on goes toward the note," she muttered as she went out.

BENDY helped load the oil meal for her cows. She climbed into the high wagon seat. Suddenly she was unutterably weak and tired. So tired that she wouldn't bother to climb down to get a sandwich at the restaurant, so tired that she drove past Drummy's without stopping to let Ellie know how the cows had come through their spell of colic.

Tillie and Tom lumbered home. The snow still whirled through the air. The wind had risen, and sucked it this way, and flailed it that. A wagon seat was different from a leather-covered car seat. The wind could swish under, and upward, and all around. Goosie kept pushing against her in wet discomfort.

Bendy, huddled there, could see in the swirl of snow frightening dollar marks, could hear in the blustery sigh of the wind Ab Drummy's warning, "She's a greedy old woman."

Finally she came to All-alone Smith's tight, hard-to-open gate. The horses stopped. Tillie twisted her head backward in concern, for Bendy sat there several minutes, slumped in the seat. It was such a long and weary way to the ground.

A figure came trudging through the snowy dusk. A scarecrow figure, only more heavily clad than a scarecrow in a summer field. And burdened with a heavy, bundlesome shock of corn. No wonder the woman had money to buy up land and notes—when she made a pack horse out of herself.

Bendy slid stiffly to the ground. The woman had opened the gate. She stooped then, and her groping hands went over the snow for every scattered bit of fodder.

Bendy stepped closer, said, "Ab Drummy told me you bought up my note."

The woman made a gesture with a bare purplish hand toward her eyes. Perhaps it was the gesture—in just that way Joe put his hand to his ear when it bothered him—but whatever it was, through the cold and desolation, Bendy knew a feeling that was neither the dislike nor fear which she, a Hayden, had always felt for the woman

on the hill. It was a vague kinship, a brushing of sympathy, as though her own unhappiness sensed the long-lasting unhappiness of the other.

The woman's words dispelled her sympathy. "Yes, I bought it. You were a fool to rush into the cow business, the way you did. And you were a bigger fool to borrow money and give the herd as security."

"I know it." Bendy was surprised that she had no resentment. "Two of the cows died through my foolishness."

It all seemed so unreal, the two of them standing there in the snow and dusk, with Goosie's low sniffly whimperings back in the wagon. Both of them with faces blue with cold, both of them weary, now that dusk had closed over a day's nagging hours.

Bendy was thinking, "Life must have hurt her terribly—to love my father, and find that he loved someone else and only thought of her as a neighbor. I wonder if that's why she hates us. Love and hate are so mixed. . . ." Shaken and weary, the girl was fumbling with a truth over which poets have pondered—the overlapping of love and hate.

SHE strained at the gate to fasten it. If only her arms weren't so cramped with cold. If only there was some strength in her body.

Then she heard the rustle of corn shucks, smelled the wetness of the corn. "Here, hold my corn—and I'll fasten it."

"I'm—tired," Bendy muttered. "Tired!" the woman gave a cackling laugh. "I know what it is to be tired."

The horses stirred impatiently. Bendy climbed laboriously back to the wagon's high seat.

Home. Poor Tillie, so overjoyed to see her colt. Murdock helped with the unhitching. Bendy couldn't seem to throw the tugs over the back of old Tom. The harness was like lead in her arms. She opened the door of the harness room to hang it up.

Something stirred in the darkness, clattered to its feet. She let out a hysterical scream that brought Murdock to the door. "It's the Professor," she panted. "Look—look—it's the Professor crawling—coming toward me."

Murdock squinted through the dusk. "Don't be scared, girl. That's some of Joe's doings. See, it's just the professor's sweater he's got buttoned and pinned on his Remember calf."

But Bendy, with the harness in her arms, crumpled wearily to the floor.

Murdock carried her into the kitchen, stumbling and panting. The Haydens could not do enough for her. Laura and Mary Martha pulled off the overalls, struggled to find the fasteners on the blue dress underneath, mussed and wrinkled now as wadded-up tissue paper. Skipper Ann fluttered about, anxious and mothering, coaxing her to eat some of Laura's barley broth—even as Bendy had often coaxed her. The Professor took her (*Continued on page 43*)

The Young Calves

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

A hush had fallen on the birds,
And it was almost night
When I came round a turn and saw
A whole year's loveliest sight.

Two calves that thought their month of life
Meant May through all the year
Were coming down the grassy road,
As slender as young deer.

They stopped amazed and took me in,
Putting their ears out far,
And in each of four round eyes
There was an evening star.

They did not breathe, they stared so hard,
Brother close to brother,
Then their legs awoke, and flank to flank,
They turned and ran for mother.

A small boy in torn knickers came
And caught them as they fled,
He put a slender arm around
Each slender, startled head.

He never looked at me at all,
I was not in his mind;
The three of them went down the road
And never glanced behind.

*Our Women's
National
Singles
Champion
has reason for
her conviction
that . . .*



Tennis is a Health Builder

HELEN HULL JACOBS

THE center court at the Stade Roland Garros in Paris, which has always been in May and June one of the hottest places in the world, has been the scene, in the past tennis season, of some dramatic tennis collapses. First of all, in the French-American matches, came the collapse of Alice Marble. On the same day, in the doubles match that followed, Madame Sylvia Henrotin hurt an already injured leg, and had to default and be assisted from the court. In the men's-singles between Fred Perry and de Stefanni, Fred turned his ankle and, although apparently suffering pain, continued to the end, then fainted and was carried from the court.

These tennis casualties, coming one on the heels of the other, brought to my mind a question that has often been asked of me, particularly by mothers who have daughters or sons of tennis age and enthusiasm. "Isn't tournament tennis too strenuous for the average girl or boy?"

It would appear, in reviewing the events of the last year and a half, that this might be so, but when I search my memory to discover reasons to support the other side of the question, I find an imposing number of them.

My own tennis career of twelve years has served me as the most emphatic example. When I was thirteen and began to play tennis I was, to be sure, a little stronger than the average girl, but I was subject to many of the petty ailments that seem to go with growing people. At first tennis made little difference in this, but when I began to take the game seriously, training assiduously, going to bed at eight-thirty almost every night as I did for the first three years of my

tennis life, and spending one-and-a-half to two hours of every day on the tennis court, I began to develop a supreme disregard for any ailment that might keep me from the court. I wanted above all to prepare myself for the exigencies of hard three-set matches.

In all these years that I have played severe tournament tennis in Europe and the United States, I have only had two illnesses attributable to tennis. However, when I played in the French Championships last May, I realized fully the extent to which tennis competition has built up my endurance. In one particular match this was impressed upon me.

LOLETTE PAYOT and I met in the quarter-final round. To most Americans her name is not familiar, but she is one of the strongest and most difficult opponents in Europe. Our match was scheduled during the afternoon on the center court, but owing to three long men's-singles matches beforehand, we were obliged, at seven o'clock, to play on an outside court. We had both waited three hours to begin our match, which is tiring in itself, and in addition to this, the difficulty in seeing the ball in the fading evening light was considerable strain.

I won the first set rather easily, but suspected that Lolette would soon recover from the nervousness, probably due to waiting so long, with which she had begun the match. When she went to four-love against (*Continued on page 30*)

The Road to Good Health

is a well



Photo by Ruth Nichols

FRESH WATER EACH DAY FOR
HEALTHY GIRLS IS JUST AS IM-
PORTANT AS IT IS FOR ROSES.
SIX TO EIGHT DAILY GLASSES
HELP TO KEEP GIRL SCOUT COM-
PLEXIONS CLEAR AND BLOOMING



MEAL TIME FOR THE INVALID.
THESE GIRL SCOUTS HELP THE
PATIENT INTO A SITTING POS-
TURE WHILE NURSE LOOKS ON



INTENT OBSERVERS WATCH THE
INDICATOR CREEP UP TO THE
RIGHT NUMERAL FOR A GIRL
WHOSE WEIGHT DOES NOT LAG
BEHIND HER GROWING INCHES



ONE OF THOUSANDS
ALERT, CLEAR-ED,
WITH HEALTH, REPA-
WHATEVER EMERG-
MAY HOLD IN THE

WORK WITH A RAKE OR TROWEL
IN THE SUNSHINE AND SPRING
AIR PROVIDES HEALTHY EXER-
CISE FOR YOUNG MUSCLES AND
BRINGS REWARDING ACQUAIN-
TANCE WITH THE GOOD EARTH

is a well-blazed trail when Girl Scouts follow the unfailing guideposts of sunshine, fresh air, nourishing food, plenty of rest, cleanliness, and out-of-door exercise



ARCHERY IS GOOD TRAINING
FOR POSTURE, BODY CONTROL,
ACCURATE VISION AND GRACE.
THE ARROW SPRUNG FROM THE
BOW OF GOOD HEALTH WINGS
A SWIFT FLIGHT TO ITS MARK

F THOUSANDS LIKE HER!
CLEANED, VIBRANT
HEALTH, SPARED FOR
EVER EMERGENCIES LIFE
HOLD IN STORE FOR HER

WEL
RING
XER-
AND
AIN-
ARTH



THIS GIRL SCOUT KNOWS THAT
MILK IS AN ALMOST PERFECT
FOOD, WHETHER IT IS MIXED IN
TOOTHSOME CAKES OR DOWNED
IN COOL, FOAMING GLASSFULS



BABY SISTER STARTS
GETTING HER SUN-
SHINE YOUNG AND
SEEMS TO ENJOY IT



Good Companions in Health

JERRENE THE FIRST, OF THE HOUSE OF GOOD HEALTH, WITH HER ATTENDANTS—ALL FIRST CLASS GIRL SCOUTS, HOLDERS OF HEALTH WINNER BADGES



In the Merry Month of May

SHAWMUT, ALABAMA: Early in 1933 the Chattahoochee Valley Girl Scouts began thinking of an appropriate way of celebrating the coming in of the May. A great many troops were working on the Health Winner Badge, so the suggestion that we have a pageant honoring health was accepted with a great deal of enthusiasm, and around this theme a festival was worked out. Everyone wanted a Queen for the festival, but how should one be chosen? And then someone had an idea—why not choose the healthiest Girl Scout, crown her queen, and have the festival in her honor!

In order to be eligible for this great honor, the girl must hold the Health Winner Badge, and be a First Class Scout. Early in April each troop which had First Class Scouts in its membership had them examined by a committee of physicians and nurses. The winner from each troop entered the district finals, and the winners from the district finals (there were six districts) were examined by a final committee. The healthiest girl was declared Queen, and the second healthiest the Spirit of Health. The latter was given the honor of crowning the Queen. The other four who represented the districts were attendants to the Queen.

THIS charming little play put out by National Headquarters, "The Enchanted Garden," was used as the prologue, and to the magic garden came a herald to proclaim this day as Health Day, and to announce the coming of Princess Jerrene. The Princess was met by the Spirit of Health who placed a crown upon her head and proclaimed her Jerrene the First, of the House of Good Health.

Then from far and near came those to do homage to the Health Queen. First came the Forces of Nature. Girls dressed in pastel Grecian robes, with huge scarfs of tie-dyed silk, did a lovely cloud dance, but the clouds quickly disappeared when the sun sent his health-giving rays (girls dressed in yellow and orange tie-dyed robes). Next came the Seasons, and these were followed by different Ages in which health had been stressed—the Greek, the Colonial, etc. And last of all, different nations sent dancers to do honor to Health.



PROUD RECIPIENTS OF THE HIGHEST HONOR THE KINGDOM OF GOOD HEALTH CAN BESTOW: GOLDEN EAGLET BADGES

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

JUNE WETHERBEE of Troop Three, Keene, New Hampshire has the honor of being named Star Reporter for May. June writes:

"Saturday, May nineteenth, was an eventful day in Keene. It was the day of our Sectional Get-Together. Instead of having a rally this year, New Hampshire decided to divide the State into sections, and to let each section have its own 'get-together.'

"It was a wonderful day. At ten o'clock the troops arrived at our Little House. All of the girls were put into groups with girls of their own age and size, and each was given a color which signified her color team.

"First came the field events. There was a fifty-yard dash, high jump, running broad jump, target throw, and a 'three leg' race. By the time these were over, the girls were ready to eat. During the lunch hour they inspected our Little House, looked at the flowers planted under the windows, wandered into the cool woods, or followed the little brook.

"After lunch the girls gathered on a hillside while ribbons were presented to the winners of the morning events. Then each team chose four girls to participate in the signaling contest. The winning team was given three points. Following that came a knot-tying contest.

"Perhaps the greatest event of the day was the flag dedication. The father of one of the Girl Scouts had given a flag pole, and the Community Committee chairman a flag. The girls formed in a horseshoe around the pole and sang songs. The flag bearers entered, unfolded the flag, and raised it while the girls stood at salute.

"The closing events were a nature contest and a treasure hunt. The treasure was a box of candy. After that the girl with the highest number of points for the day received a prize of a Girl Scout knife.

"In the late afternoon we went home a little tired, sunburned, and happy."

The healthy Girl Scout is a good companion for she is able to lead an interesting, active, and useful life



THESE COLORFUL SONG-STERS EMERGED FROM THE GIRL SCOUT SONG BOOK TO ENTERTAIN THEIR HEALTH QUEEN

Those who took part in the festival, and the several hundreds of friends who saw it insisted that it should become an annual event, so 1934 found the members of the Council, the Leaders, and the Girl Scouts busy making plans for another festival.

The former Queen was sent from her district, but another contestant had managed to keep herself in a little better physical condition, so a new Queen was chosen.

AGAIN on May Day the Scouts and their friends assembled to honor Health.

This time there were three huge books which formed a background on the "green" where the festival takes place—a Health Book, the Girl Scout Handbook, and the Girl Scout Song Book. Out of the Health Book came the girl who was to be crowned, followed by her attendants, and from the Girl Scout Handbook came the Spirit of Health who crowned the Queen.

Suddenly a rustling was heard, and the audience saw the pages of the Girl Scout Song Book turning. From its pages came Songs to entertain the Queen. What a colorful picture the girls made, dressed to represent their favorite songs, and what unique dances some of them had worked out! Among the songs used were: "Cloud Ships," "Castanets," "Walk, Shepherdess, Walk," "Sleeping Princess," and many others popular with Girl Scouts.

The Queen then announced that in her kingdom there were two loyal subjects who were outstanding in citizenship, health, and service, and she decreed that the highest honor in her kingdom be bestowed upon them. Two Girl Scouts were then awarded the Golden Eagle Badge, and this concluded the festival.

Mildred Orr, Local Director



OFF FOR A DAY ON THE TRAIL WITH WELL-STOCKED PACK BASKETS TO STOKE THE INNER FURNACES OF HUNGRY HIKERS ON THE LONG, HARD MILES AHEAD



KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO BRING ABOUT ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION IS INVALUABLE TO THE GIRL SCOUT WHO SWIMS AND MAY FIND HERSELF CAST IN THE RÔLE OF RESCUER

ONLY BY PRACTICE CAN YOU LEARN TO PUT ON SMOOTH, FIRM BANDAGES. TWO GIRL SCOUTS OF WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA TRY A REVERSE SPIRAL DRESSING



Tennis is a Health Builder

(Continued from page 25)

me in about ten minutes, I realized that my suspicions were well-founded. I was running far more than she to retrieve the wide and deep fast drives that raked the lines of my court. Nothing I could hit seemed to evade her reach. She won the second set 6-1.

Because the light was growing so dim we both agreed not to take our customary ten-minute rest, and commenced the third set. Only those who have played tennis in Paris in the summer can possibly appreciate the demands made upon one's physical reserve in the humid, hot climate. On the outside courts the spectators crowd about the barriers, cutting off a great deal of air, and adding to the general feeling of unrest a noisy demonstration of their sentiments.

OUR last set went to 5-3 and deuce in favor of Lolette before I was somehow able to even the score, and finally win at 8-6. I think anyone who saw the match, and the amount of running we both did during it, would agree that we had the right to be fairly well exhausted. However, the next morning we both played well in hard matches and, for my part, I felt just as fresh as I had the morning before.

I use myself as an example because I have a strong conviction that tennis has built up my endurance remarkably well. To the mothers I would say that this is the general rule rather than the exception, for there are many others who have had the same experience.

One of our Davis Cup players—who, I think, is the most astute of them all—began tennis against greater physical odds than most young boys. Sidney Wood, at thirteen, was frail and rather anaemic. In fact, tennis was prescribed for him as a health builder and not as a career. I knew Sidney quite well at this stage of his game, played with him frequently, and watched his progress with a great deal of interest.

Sidney began very early to show signs of exceptional tennis ability. It was not long before he and his family recognized these signs, and Sidney commenced a training routine with an eye to competitive tennis. He boxed with his father, took a variety of breathing exercises and calisthenics, and finally drew the attention of the tennis world to himself by first defeating Ellsworth Vines at Seabright, and then winning the singles at Wimbledon after many long, strenuous matches against the best players in the world. Anyone watching Sidney today must certainly be impressed by his stamina. The kind of game he plays demands much of his physical endurance. It is a fluent game, but one of such vast variations that his concentration must be conspicuously centered upon the ball and the movements of his opponent during every minute of the match. Unlike players who rely principally upon speed for their winners, Sidney must be ever alert for an aggressive return of his well-placed shots. While Ellsworth Vines

can hit a drive so fast it is difficult to follow the ball, Sidney seldom puts more than the average speed on the ball. But at the present time I know of no one who thinks he can win against Sidney by employing tactics designed to tire him.

Of course, one of the best examples in the world of the health benefit of tennis and the necessary training that accompanies the game is the career of René Lacoste. He has now given up the game for golf, but he was largely responsible for the departure of the Davis Cup from the United States. For reasons of health, Lacoste, like Sidney

early photographs and remembrances of her, she seemed indeed just that. Today Sarah is described by the press of Europe and America as "husky" which, while it doesn't exactly apply, runs close to fact. I have played with Sarah in many difficult and strenuous doubles matches, and I have yet to see her endurance fail. I played against her in the singles final at Seabright in 1933, and I am sure I was far more tired than she at the conclusion of the match.

Incidentally, I was telling Sarah in Paris, one day during the tournament, about a very pleasant afternoon I spent playing an exhibition match at Smith College. She told me, as if it were a common occurrence, that she had given a fancy skating exhibition at the college. I don't believe there are many tennis fans in the United States who know that our best doubles player is so versatile.

Cover Contest News

THE March cover, designed by Miss Gertrude A. Kay, has brought a record number of responses, four hundred and seventeen girls having submitted titles. The winning title is "The Lid's Off," sent by Betty Horton of Seneca Falls, New York. As two girls had thought of this title, the prize, a book, was awarded to Betty, since her letter was mailed first.

Other good titles were: "Thar She Blows!" submitted by twelve girls; "Bring Back My Bonnet to Me," sent by six girls; "Mad March Hair," or some variation, sent by five; "Hold Everything!" sent by eleven; "In Like a Lion," sent by five; "Breezing Along With the Breeze," sent by two; "A Hat on the Head is Worth Two in the Bush," or some variation, sent by four—to say nothing of "Hats Off! The Wind is Passing By!" "Hats Off to March!" and "March Winds," submitted by an astonishing number of readers. Other good titles were: "Beware the Ides of March," "Off Again, On Again, March Again," and "A March Take-off."

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than May fifteenth.

Wood, was advised to take up tennis. The famous French professional, Darsonval, took him in hand, stressed the importance of physical training in conjunction with tennis practice, and helped to build up one of the most uncannily accurate tennis games that ever has been seen. Lacoste became a human tennis machine, dreaded by all his opponents because of his steadiness. To stand up against both Tilden and Johnston in the Philadelphia summer heat, and win, is one of the greatest testimonials to physical endurance that can be found in tennis.

ONE of our own Wightman Cup players would encourage any mother to start her daughter at tennis. Sarah Palfrey began to play when she was eight years old. Her own testimony would lead me to believe that she wasn't "cut out for sports." She says that she was a "weakling" and, if I correctly recall

I THINK I am quite justified in saying, in conclusion, that tennis is not too strenuous for the average boy or girl. In the case of the recent collapses of players in Paris, not one can really be laid to the matches played at the time. The players were really not in condition before the tournament began. Alice Marble played one hundred and eight games in the tournament at Easthampton, Long Island last year, a ridiculous performance in itself, and because of subsequent ill effects, was out of tennis for the rest of the Eastern season. The only logical course for her to have pursued would have been one of complete rest, but instead of that she went on to play in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and the Huntington Hotel tournament at Pasadena. When she arrived in Paris for the French-American team matches she was not in the best of health, and began to show signs of physical distress during the first practices.

Fred Perry, as every tennis follower knows, has not stopped playing tournament tennis since the beginning of the last season. It would take far more strength than most people possess to travel over the world for a year, meeting several times en route players of the Australian's strength. Fred's enthusiasm for the game, following his successes in the Davis Cup challenge round and the National Championships at Forest Hills, undoubtedly prompted him to continue tournament play, but in so doing he seemed, until Wimbledon and Forest Hills, to have worn down his resistance for the most important matches of all.

Tennis training is just as much a matter of conserving one's strength as of practicing strokes to improve one's technique. The tennis season is too long to go about training in the customary severe manner imposed upon football players. The most important thing, I am certain, is to follow a normal living routine, retiring early before matches, and to adopt a philosophical attitude toward the results of matches.

The Spite Chest

(Continued from page 18)
seek. I am here merely because I delivered something of small importance to this house."

"What did you deliver?" The young officer's voice was sharp.

Master Dodd shook a stubborn head. "Nothing of importance."

"We shall be the judge of that," growled the officer. "Men!"

At the movement of soldiers toward him, Squire Dodd reddened again. "It's a fine note when honest men must explain all they do," he protested. "But if you insist, I fetched an old chest my wife sold."

Hilary paled. Yes, it was as she feared. The red-coat demanded to be shown the chest.

"It is a spite chest, in truth, since only trouble follows it," she thought vehemently. She followed when her mother reluctantly led the way into the store room, and pointed at the ancient chest.

"Please open it, madam," was the next order.

Hilary's eyes widened in terror when she saw the young man remove his sword from the scabbard, and stand waiting while her mother fumbled with the key, and tremblingly unlocked and opened the chest. But at sight of what it contained, the officer burst into laughter and slid his sword back into place.

"I do not quarrel with a chest full of grain," he was beginning, with a chuckle, when a new voice, full of astonishment, spoke from the door.

"Why, Peter Hilton, what are you doing here in the Town by the River?"

LIKE mechanical figures moved by one spring, they all turned and stared. Then the young British officer brushed past the others to greet Selina Ogden, with an eagerness that betokened real pleasure.

"This is unexpected happiness. And to think I was growling over my misfortune in being left here in Newark to seek a rebel!"

"It is not overlong since we met at my aunt's in New York town," answered Selina sedately. "But you do not notice my question. I asked what you are doing here?"

"We are searching for a rebel by the name of David Lamson."

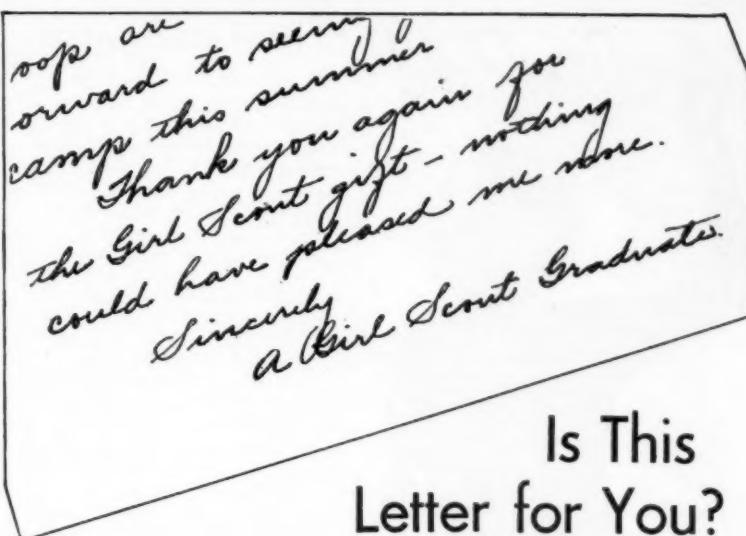
Selina stiffened. She looked from Mistress Lamson's pale face to Master Dodd's stern one; her glance came to rest upon Hilary's downbent head. "I see," she answered slowly.

The young officer's quick glance had followed hers. "Do you know whether Lamson is here in this house?"

For a long, horrible moment there was tense silence. Hilary's finger nails dug into her palms. Suddenly she remembered Selina and David and herself as youngsters together, playing tag, laughing at "blind man's buff." Now it was dreadful war, neighbor against neighbor. But oh, surely her friend must remember those happy days, too!

Then Selina shook her head. "No," she said, "I do not. I just stopped in for a bag I left here, Peter."

The young man smiled at her. "It is my good fortune that you forgot the bag," he retorted, with a gallant bow. "And now, will you wait for me, while my men and I search the rest of (Continued on page 35)



Is This Letter for You?

METAL BOOK ENDS for Girl Scouts are gaily colored in deep green, orange and gold in an attractive modernistic design. Although light in weight, they will not tip over, as the base goes under the books. 11-693 Pair. \$1.00

THE GIRL SCOUT RING is an old stand-by but still a favorite gift number in either gold or silver. The Girl Scout trefoil within a circle is used as a seal, with a plain open-work design on either side. Full and half sizes from 3 through 10. Packed in a gift box.

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THE COMPACT will delight any feminine heart. The nickel-plated case, rectangular in shape, has a cover of Girl Scout green with the trefoil in gold. The loose powder feature permits the use of your favorite powder. Complete with mirror and puff. 11-675. \$.50

THE MANICURE SET fits into a small leather case. The steel scissors, orange stick and nail file will give your hands that well groomed appearance so desirable to the modern girl.

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The Anti-Aunties

(Continued from page 8)

re-created, in her mind's eye, the unattractive picture she had devised of Miss Jean Lothrop. She must not waver, and fail the Anti-Aunties.

"This is where we part," Lofty said at the end of an hour. He hustled Bushy and her bags out upon the platform of a small way-station, and sprang aboard the train again just as it pulled out. A sense of utter loneliness choked Bushy. She hated it all, as she had known she would hate it. She felt like a misplaced atom, so alone that she would almost have welcomed the scraggly and fusty old lady she had been so busy imagining. No one was on the platform, however, but a tall, youngish woman with a pleasant, humorous face, and beautiful dark hair under a smart hat. She came quickly forward and clapped Bushy on the shoulder.

"Emily Ryder's girl, without a doubt!" she cried, in a voice that had just the fascinating edge of something rich and foreign to it. "Yes—no—yes, you do look like her."

"You're—Miss Lothrop?" Bushy asked in a croaking mutter.

"Yes! But not so formal, I hope! Aunt Jean, Auntie—whatever you please."

She was smiling frankly; stowing Bushy's luggage in the rumble of a little roadster. "It's grand you've come to help me out. I began casting about for a likely girl—one that would be a good sport and think it fun, and suddenly I thought—Aha! Emily Ryder's daughter would be the very one!"

"I—I hope so," Bushy murmured.

"I suppose your mother told you all about what I'm trying to do?" the Auntie said, as the car popped along through a picturesque village street.

"Well, I know it's a shop. She didn't tell me very much."

"Perhaps I didn't tell her much," Jean Lothrop said. "Well, you're all the better sport, to come along so blithely on an unknown venture."

Bushy bit her lip, remembering the day her mother had folded up a letter and remarked, "Well, as you're so sure you won't like it, from the start, perhaps there's no use in furnishing you with any more details."

The car had drawn up beside a quaint little house on the main road. Next it had been built a plastered arch, through which there was a beckoning glimpse of a stone-paved court with a bright garden beyond. Water dripped coolly from a carved stone face into a Venetian wellhead, and large stone jars flowered at the top with great bunches of gay blossoms.

"I've tried to make it look as Italian as possible," Jean Lothrop said, "with only a few square feet and a few dollars to go on! You see, here is where all my pretty things are—" She led the way through the court into a room all agleam with entrancing copper and hand-decorated pottery, where leather and linen and silver were spread out like the stores of a treasure-house.

"I thought it would be fun—if you thought so—" Miss Lothrop went on, "for you to dress as an Italian peasant girl (I have a real costume, a gorgeous one) and welcome people who come to buy things, and perhaps help to give them a cup of tea."

Bushy was silent, and the Auntie glanced at her sharply. (Continued on page 33)

The Official GIRL SCOUT TOWEL

is a DUNDEE TOWEL

Like the Girl Scout, Dundee Towels had to pass strict tests before they qualified for a place in Scout circles. Dundee Towels are sold wherever good towels are in demand. There are styles, types and sizes for every towel requirement—at prices that fit thrifty household budgets. No camp wardrobe is complete without a good supply of Girl Scout Towels with the official emblem woven in the border.

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FLYING GIRL

By ELLY BEINHORN

With a Foreword by Richard Halliburton

At twenty-five she is one of the world's greatest woman flyers and here is the story of her amazing flights that took her to the far corners of the globe where she encountered unusual and exciting adventures and met many famous people. Many beautiful illustrations. \$3.00.

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AG

The Anti-Aunties

(Continued from page 32)

"You don't think it would be fun?" she ventured.

"I was thinking of something quite entirely different," Bushy told her. "Something absolutely far outside this adorable place."

"You belong to the Automobile Association?" Miss Lothrop wondered, as Bushy threw her coat off upstairs in the sweet little room that was to be hers for these weeks.

"No, no!" said Bushy, hastily concealing the red bottle-top badge. "That's just a silly kid society thing. I forgot it was on there."

"When you're ready," Jean Lothrop said, indicating an enchanting Italian peasant dress over her arm, "you might try on this rig if you like. People will probably be stopping in this afternoon."

It was two days later before Bushy really had time to write to Babs. Spare moments had all been used scribbling ecstasies to her mother, but now she found it absolutely necessary that she send a letter to her best and most faithful crony.

"Dear Babs:" she wrote. "Can you imagine! Miss Lothrop has the duckiest little place all done up like an Italian garden, with a fountain and so forth, and the loveliest things you ever laid eyes on—that swish gold-tooled leather, and silver pendants, and linen that would make your mother curl up with rapture, not to speak of real peasant copper stuff that they hammer out to use themselves, and lovely joggly plates and bowls and things all painted with scrummy little people and funny-looking writings. In the mornings I have a swell time swimming and playing tennis. My dear, there is a thrilling crowd here, including some boys who don't scorn playing tennis with girls. In fact, I beat one of them this

keep their pledge any longer. When I get back, we'll have an Italian Alliance, and I'll teach you all a great deal about the Language and Customs of that wonderful country.

Yours till death,
Bushy"

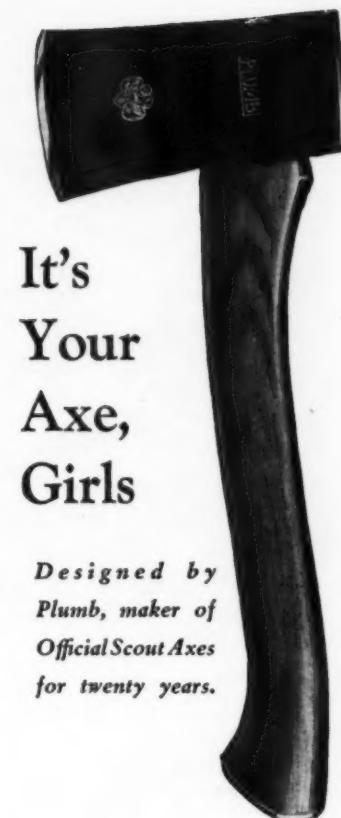
But something gnawed at Signorina Ryder's contentment. She had realized for some days that all was not well with her, before she finally located the troublesome spot, and knew that it must be cut out. The remedy would take courage, but once Bushy's mind was made up, it was unshakable. She strode into the little room where Miss Lothrop was doing accounts, and stood, passing from one hand to the other a red badge made from a bottle top.

"I've been a hideous pig," she blurted out suddenly, "and I have to tell you."

Miss Lothrop looked up, startled. She controlled admirably the smile that almost flashed out at the combination of these amazing words with the Italian skirt and bodice, and the red, purposeful face beneath the mop of hair.

"Surely not!" Miss Lothrop said.

"Yes, a perfectly hideous pig," Bushy insisted. "You asked me about this badge; well, it isn't Automobile Association, or anything like that. It stands for Anti-Aunties, and I made it up because I hated the idea of coming here. I hated people who called themselves Aunties when they really weren't, and I made the other girls say they hated 'em, though they really liked theirs. I made them wear badges, too—and I pretended you were a horrid old woman selling cheese and things in a store." Bushy's face grew redder and redder, and her voice by now was getting to be a squeak, but she hurried on nobly. "I really didn't mean it to be as rude and stupid as it sounds. We sort of stopped



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GRAND PRIZE!

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PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



You still have three chances to qualify for the GRAND PRIZE by filling out the questionnaires in the May, June and July issues. Turn now to page 50!

CONTEST EDITOR
THE AMERICAN GIRL

To be awarded to the lucky girl who sends in the neatest, most interesting and carefully filled out questionnaire in the series appearing in THE AMERICAN GIRL from March through July, inclusive. Cash and merchandise prizes are also awarded each month for the best responses to individual questionnaires.

Names of the prize winners in the March contest are announced on page 49 of this issue

morning. Then in the afternoons I put on the most exciting Italian outfit you can imagine, and help Miss Lothrop sell pretty things to people who stop (we're on a main road). I say, 'Buena sera,' to them, and 'Grazie,'—you can't think how intriguing it sounds, and sometimes we give them tea. Miss Lothrop is simply keen, and this place is swell in every particular. By the way, tell the others to drop those idiotic A. A. badges off the pier. The purpose of the society has been carried out, and there isn't any more need of protest. Tell them they don't have to

thinking of any real people, and just had fun wearing the badges, and keeping the crowd guessing what 'A. A.' meant. It got to be just a kind of a secret—anything would have done. But it was silly and horrid—and I wasn't a good sport about coming here. I was a horrible brute—even Lofty said so—and I don't deserve all the fun in this swell place, and you thinking I'm so much like Mother and all—"

Her voice faded at last into a choked blur. Jean Lothrop's face betrayed nothing beyond a frank and friendly attentiveness.

"Now I know (Continued on page 34)



A MESS KIT for convenience—everything packed and ready for use. Complete with fry pan, covered kettle, cup, plate, spoon and fork. The utensils are of seamless aluminum and the case of khaki cloth. 13-301.....\$2.25
THE CANTEEN will assure you of pure water—so necessary on hikes and in unfamiliar country. It is made of seamless aluminum, with padded khaki case to keep the water fresh and cool. 13-101.....\$2.25

A CHOW KIT of green pigskin contains folding knife and fork of stainless steel and chromium plate, and a spoon of nickel silver. The case may be worn on the belt. 13-283.....\$1.00

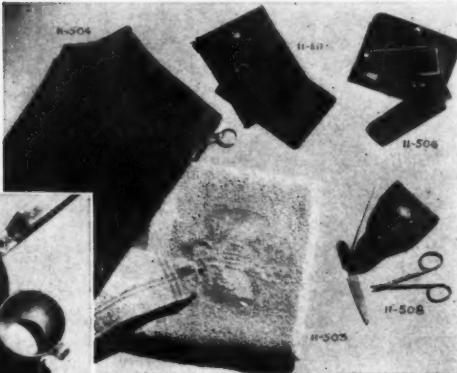
A FLASHLIGHT for camp, of course! Hang it on the belt hook by the ring; remove the reflector and stand it on end as a candle; or, focused to a bright beam, use it for night signaling. Finished in green enamel with nickel trimmings, and stamped with the trefoil. Complete with batteries. 11-411.....\$1.25

THE NEW TOILET KIT is of Girl Scout cloth, rubber-lined, and made like an envelope purse, with a 12-inch zipper across the top. The fitted kit is complete with an unbreakable mirror in a green cloth case and the official bath towel set, which comes wrapped in cellophane. The bath towel is 18" x 34" and the face cloth is 12 inches square—both in white with a green design. The kit is 8 inches deep and 15 inches at its widest—plenty large enough for many other personal accessories, as comb, brush, cleansing cream and soap; or for use as a bathing bag. 11-505 Toilet kit with towel set and mirror.....\$1.75

11-504 Toilet kit, only.....1.00
11-503 Bath towel set, only.....50
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THE MANICURE SET with case of green leather contains an orange stick and nail file as well as manicure scissors. Hands need care in camp too. 11-508.....\$.90

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A VANITY SET for purse or pocket holds a mirror, nail file and comb. The case is of green leather, stamped with the trefoil in gold. 11-506.....\$3.50

THE OFFICIAL COMPASS in nickel-plated case has an unbreakable crystal and locking, jeweled-bearing pointer. 11-356.....\$8.00

THE NEW COMPASSES in bakelite cases have the pointer set on a jeweled pivot, with locking device, also. 11-358 Girl Scout Green Case.....\$1.00
11-359 Mariner Blue Case.....1.00

THE SMALL COMPASS is very reliable, although only one inch in diameter. 11-354.....\$.25

A KNIFE with punch, can opener and combination screw driver and cap lifter in addition to a large blade is ideal for hiking and camping. A metal trefoil emblem identifies it as official. 11-301 Bone handle.....\$1.50
11-311 Mottled green handle.....1.00

A WHITTLING KNIFE for carving and general use has a large and small blade of high-quality steel. 11-306 Bone handle.....\$.85
11-316 Mottled green handle......75

THE SHARPENING STONE of carborundum is pocket size and fits into a soft green leather case. 11-319.....\$.25



The Anti-Aunties

(Continued from page 33)
you're like your mother," she commented. "She was never afraid to own up when she was wrong, as I remember. The poor Anti-Aunties—perhaps they had a bit of right on their side, at that! If we all knew one another's pet hates, perhaps we could try to fit into other people's lives more comfortably than some of us do!"

"I was a pig," Bushy repeated determinedly. "You know very well I was." She snicked the red badge off her hand, and it flew in a flashing arc out of the window and vanished among a clump of dahlias.

"Will you forgive me—Auntie?"
"Suppose you call me Jean," Miss Lothrop grinned.

They shook hands vigorously.
"That's *keen!*" Bushy breathed with grateful fervor.

Then the little goat-bell that hung at the entrance to the courtyard tinkled its reminiscent note of Tuscan hills, and Bushy sprang into the shop. Smiling expansively, she spread her gay skirts and dropped a curtsey to the ladies who had entered.

"*Buena sera!*" said the ex-Anti-Auntie, to the tune of her lightsomely tripping heart.

Linda Plays Trumps

(Continued from page 11)
softly. There was no reply. The sound continued, mingled with excited voices, and the noise of some heavy article being pulled along the deck. She snapped on the light, and saw that the berth opposite was still empty. Her wrist-watch told her that it was a quarter to twelve.

Suddenly, she heard stifled screams and knew that, somehow, things were terribly wrong. She turned off the light again, lying stiff and quiet, her heart beating so that the whole bed seemed to vibrate. Now there was more running about, a confusion of voices grown louder, frightened protest, the slamming of a door next her own. She slipped out of her bunk and, crossing the cabin, slid the bolt and stood for a moment leaning against the door, too weak from fright to move.

The voices grew louder, the Chinese speech more insistent. Orders were being given in the dialect she had known and spoken from babyhood. "Stand back there," she heard one say. "No, not that trash! Your money! Your money—or I will shoot."

Then she heard her brother's voice, speaking to them in their own language, "Get away from that door, you scoundrels!" There was a scuffle, a body was thrown heavily against her door, and she heard the thud of a musket butt against the wall. Then came the sound of retreating footsteps and, for a moment, silence.

What had they done to Paul? Linda's frantic anxiety overcame her fear. She slid the bolt back, and opened the door a crack. Peeping out she looked down the corridor and made out the back of Paul in his pajamas, his friend, Jack LeClare, Mr. Franklin-Bevans, and two or three other men, all of whom were being forced by six or seven Chinese with pistols to retreat towards the stairs that led to the dining-saloon.

Where was Mrs. Warriner, and what ghastly thing was happening on this ship? She remembered the (Continued on page 39)

The Spite Chest

(Continued from page 31)
the house? If you will—I'd like to call upon your mother before I leave Newark."

"My mother will be pleased to see you again," the girl replied cordially.

Hilary followed her mother and the rest from the storeroom. So concerned was she lest Mistress Lamson might say or do something to arouse the young officer's suspicion, that she even trailed along upstairs when they searched there. But at last it was ended, and Peter Hilton returned eagerly to the kitchen, that he might escort Selina out into the rainy dusk, bound for her home.

As he turned to his men to send them away, Selina spoke, in a low voice, to Hilary and her mother.

"Please tell someone—you know who—when he comes to Newark—that I shall be waiting for him!"

"Now what did she mean by that?" asked Mistress Lamson in a puzzled voice, as soon as the door had closed upon them.

"She—she—" But here sudden-springing tears choked Hilary, in the greatness of her relief. It was only when David, warm but happy, climbed out of the chest after Master Dodd had lifted out the tray, that she could go on. "I think Selina meant that for a message to David. It's strange she did not suspect him of being here."

"She did!" laughed David. "She not only suspected I was here, she knew it!"

"How?"

"While you were upstairs with Mother and the soldiers, Selina opened the chest and pressed the secret spring. She managed to lift a corner of the tray and whisper, 'Courage, Dave—I'll take him home to tea, and entertain him and his soldiers so well you'll have a good chance to escape!'"

Hilary leaned over and patted the old chest. "Selina did prove her loyal friendship, after all! And that story about the spite chest was nothing but an idle tale for superstitious tongues."

Mistress Lamson looked from her daughter's shining eyes to David's smiling face. "We shall have to rename the old chest," she said, "for today it has wrought a blessing and no despite. What say you, Son—shall I give it to Selina for a hope-chest?"

Ears Only

(Continued from page 14)

ably know, perform many parts in their daily broadcast. Amos, for example, takes the part of the Kingfish, Brother Crawford, Lightning, and many others. How does he do this? Partly by screwing up his face and changing his voice, but mostly by varying his distance from the mike.

The Director, seated in the control room, also has a microphone. This is connected to a loudspeaker above the actors' heads in the studio. And during rehearsal his voice booms out scoldings and bouquets. Very few of the latter.

Rehearsals last anywhere from thirty minutes to fifty hours. Jane Cowl, rehearsing for the radio presentation of *Smiling Through*, insisted on not less than fifty hours of preparation. Eddie Cantor needs about eight hours. Ed Wynn is satisfied with two. Amos and Andy require an hour or less. *Roses and Drums* averages ten.

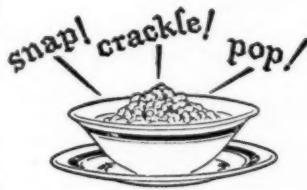
When footwork (Continued on page 45)

QUACK-QUACK GOES THE DUCK



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EVERY barnyard fowl and animal has its own call—and Kellogg's Rice Krispies have their call too. They snap, crackle, and pop cheerfully in milk or cream.

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Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

YOUTH AND A WARLESS WORLD

In many countries, leaders have "sold" youth the idea that war is bound to come, and that a defiant preparedness is the only sane policy. In Germany, Japan, Russia, Italy, the "youth movement" has been largely a movement toward the martial spirit. Uniforms, salutes, drills, masses of printed and spoken propaganda—all have whipped young men and girls up to a high pitch of fervor.



Each nation has used the old argument, "We must defend ourselves."

No country could use the plea of self-defense more convincingly than present-day France. So it is encouraging to be told by well-informed travelers that French youth looks at war with cool-headed disillusion. French students in particular, it appears, can see no good and no glamour in mass killing. Fervently patriotic, they are ready to give all for their native land if need be. But they are internationalists, too, in the sense that they cling to hopes of world peace.

"Armaments, economic strife," their spokesmen say, "have stifled prosperity everywhere. Grave problems are perplexing most nations. They can be solved by clear, hard thinking. They cannot be solved by war."

OUR RESTLESS MOTHER EARTH

Our planet, astronomers tell us, started life as a hot mass of gas. Slowly, through some two billion years, its surface hardened to the cool, "firm" crust we live on.

Just how firm is this crust? Seismographs—earthquake recording instruments—show it's not nearly so stable as is generally supposed. Small tremors, too slight for us to feel, are constantly shaking it.

One of the most careful studies of such quiverings ever made was completed, not long ago, by Dr. L. Don Leet, in charge of the Harvard Seismograph Station. In his report, he stated that the cause of many of these tiny earthquakes is still unknown. Waves pounding the seashore are thought to cause some of them. The tremors have been found to increase during storms.

It would seem that the "solid earth" is no more solid than jelly!

NATURE GOT THERE FIRST

Scientists are busy trying to find ways to harness sunshine. They want to tap and store its energy, and make it do the work of coal, oil, gasoline, and water-power. Already, beginnings have been made. For example, at the General Electric Laboratories at Schenectady, New York there is a tiny motor run by electricity from light.

The rare electricity tree of Central India's forests would find all this an old story. Its strange, sensitive leaves, so botanists tell us, are highly enough charged to give anyone touching them a perceptible shock. They're most powerful at noon on sunny days. Darkness robs them of most of their energy, wet weather of all of it.

Birds shun such trees—and no wonder! Insects are never seen upon them.

Here, as in other ways, Nature got ahead of science by some hundreds of thousands of years.

GIRL IN THE AIR

Helen Richey is the only woman in the world with an air-mail pilot's license. To her bosses, in charge of Central Air Lines, she's just "Pilot Richey." Regularly, three times a week she makes round-trip flights, as copilot, between Washington, D. C. and Detroit, Michigan.

She was born twenty-five years ago in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, the daughter of a superintendent of schools. For one year she studied at the Carnegie Institute of Technology—and then the air called. She took flying lessons, got a private license, and began to try out her wings in a small plane her father bought for her.

Later, with Frances Marsalis, she set an endurance record for women. They stayed up—re-fueling from time to time—for about ten days.

Miss Richey, who now has more than one



thousand hours of piloting to her credit, believes in sane, safe flying, as opposed to mere stunting. Her application for her present position as air-mail pilot went in with the bids of eight other candidates, all of them men.

Helen got the job.

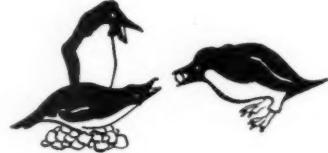
SMALL CLOWNS IN FEATHERS

The two ships of Admiral Byrd's second Antarctic expedition got back to America early this spring, bringing priceless records of a continent still in the ice age. Also, one of them carried thirty-seven *Adelie* penguins, the comic birds that live near the bottom of the world.

All through the long, hot voyage across equatorial seas, these little feathered people traveled in comfort in a special refrigerated room equipped with a salt-water pool.

Ages ago penguins could fly. But gradually their wings shrank to mere flippers, with which they now propel themselves, agile as fish, under water.

Explorers say penguins have no enemies, on ice or rock, except egg-loving skua gulls. So, above water, they're absolutely fearless. They will step up to the most savage



Eskimo dog and tell him just what they think of him. The little *Adelies* walk with a flat-footed, waddling gait like Charlie Chaplin's, holding their flippers ludicrously extended.

They breed in regions where there's a scattering of small, volcanic rocks. These they use in building nests. But many of the home-makers are too lazy to waddle far, in search of enough stones. So they steal from neighbors, and they, in turn, grab rocks from other nests.

Thus the rookery becomes a gathering of thieves, squawking hoarse accusations at each other.

NO LADIES EXPECTED

Probably the strangest republic that ever existed is now facing slow extinction. This is Mount Athos, ruled by priests. Greece is its overlord, but its population of five thousand is virtually independent. Its isolation, six thousand feet above the Aegean Sea, enables it to enforce an amazing law: no female, human or animal, may set foot on the "holy mountain."

All increase in population must come from without and—according to William Miller, a recent historian of Greece—the youths of that land show little desire, today, for the monastic life. A young monk is now a rare sight on Mount Athos.

Also, the streams of pilgrims and of gifts which used to come from Russia have been cut off by strong anti-religious feeling there.

The monks, many of whom spend eight hours a day in prayer, occupy their spare time in fishing, keeping bees, and making wines. The older ones believe modern inventions to be works of the devil. To them, the telephone, for example, can carry voices only because small imps lend aid.

Travelers say a visit to Mount Athos is a wide and startling step back into the Middle Ages.

DOES THE PEN REVEAL THE HEART?

The Lindbergh trial was an eye-opener to those of us who'd failed to realize that the study of handwriting is an exact science. Experts at the trial claimed only to be able to pick resemblances, or the lack of them, in chirography. They weren't concerned with clews to character. In fact, one of them stated he had no confidence in graphologists—people who say they can read ambitions, weaknesses, talents, in samples of handwriting.

Since then the graphologists have come back at him. They insist that, of all human gestures, writing is the most revealing. Their science, they maintain, is as exact as that of the handwriting experts called in the Lindbergh case.

So perhaps we'd better start worrying, when we write even a casual note, about what we may be giving away!

THE BUSYNESS OF BEAVERS

Michigan has decided to do something drastic about its countless beavers. It is going to "regulate" their activities in the interests of trout.

Mr. J. Clark Salyer, fisheries expert, finds that too much building of dams is bad for the fish—covering, as it does, the stream beds with silt, and otherwise disturbing trout habits. The older the dams, he says, the worse are the conditions—so the program is to blast out every one that is over four years old.

Fortunately the beaver is one of the most intelligent and resourceful of animals. A beaver colony, forced to abandon an old site for a new, will immediately start on fresh



engineering projects. If need be, beavers will build canals as well as dams.

Killing trees is still another bad deed that must be laid at the door of Mr. Beaver. This he does by flooding the roots and lower trunks.

On the other hand, he must be given credit as a preventer of forest fires, since he keeps dead wood sodden with moisture. He does all this quite unintentionally, as he throws his heart into happy home-making.



Cocomalt
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Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cacao, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)

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Try on a pair of Bass Rangeley Moccasins. There's a Bass dealer near you. Write for his name—and a complete catalog of Bass Boots, Slippers, and Sports Footwear. No obligation, of course.

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*Do You Long
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A MORE beautiful dancer? A better swimmer? Athletic poise without being muscular? Sure of yourself? Then take up skating on Winchester FREE-WHEELING Roller Skates—now! There's really no finer way for a girl to get good exercise. And it is fun—you enjoy every minute. That is important, because the good comes from keeping it up.

Free-wheeling on Winchester Roller Skates is easier. Their free-wheeling rolls go round so smoothly, never sticking or binding—that's from double-row ball bearings. They have wider, thicker treads (or "tires"), making you surer on your feet. Yes, they are extra strong—yet light. They are set true, so they run straight, without putting steering strain on your muscles and ankles. They have good live rubber cushions to smooth out the pavement. And they last longer. . . . Get a pair of Winchester Free-Wheeling Roller Skates at your Dealer's and enjoy the difference in your skating.

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Official
Girl Scout
Knife

M301
\$1.50



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Make Your Own Clothes

*Here is a charming graduation dress
that is economical and easy to make*

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

COMMENCEMENT is now only a few weeks away, and perhaps you are all a-twitter because you belong to the graduation class and are already making your plans for the great day. You will need an extra special frock for graduation, of course. If you make it yourself, you can have it just as you want it and keep its cost low. This graduation frock which we have chosen is dainty and smart and easy to make.

The design allows for a wide selection of materials including organdie, net, chiffon, organza and any of the sheer fabrics, either in white, or pastel shades. If required to wear white for commencement, you might brighten the dress later with a gay sash.

Patterns should be ordered according to your bust measurement. Take your measurement over the fullest part of your bust, one inch below the armhole and slightly higher in the back. Draw tape measure snug, but not tight. The measurements for Size 16 are 34" bust and 37" around hips—7" below normal waistline. Consult back of envelope for length of material required.

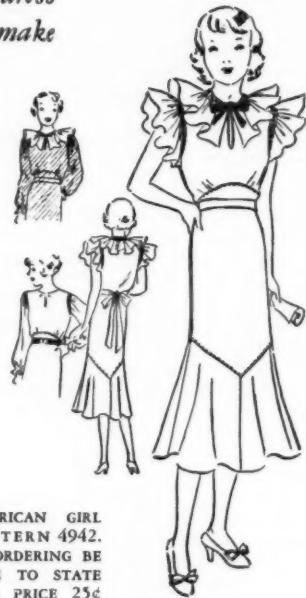
To start, take the Excella-Graf from pattern envelope, and study the front carefully. Then take out the pattern pieces and identify them alphabetically as illustrated under the heading "Construction Guide." Very few people are lucky enough not to require some alteration of the pattern. So the next thing to do is to check the pattern against your measurements. Is it the right length? Pin the pattern pieces together, taking up the full $\frac{1}{2}$ " seam allowance, and hold pattern up to you. Study the instructions and illustrations on "Pattern Alterations," given in previous issues. When all necessary changes have been made, you are ready to place pattern on material for cutting.

Check lay-out under heading "Cutting Guide" according to the width of your material. Be sure the material is perfectly smooth and even. Before starting to cut, pin all pattern pieces to material, using plenty of pins. Before removing pattern, make markings—tailor tacks are preferable—on material for the shirring at waistline of blouse; also where notches appear on the pattern. These tacks should be made of contrasting color thread. Also run a thread of long basting stitches down the center front and back. Then remove all pieces of the pattern and put back in pattern envelope.

Prepare your machine for stitching. See that it is oiled and cleaned beforehand. If you have chosen fine material such as organza or net, then very fine thread is required, and a fine needle to correspond. Test the stitch on two thicknesses of your material, and be sure tensions are loose enough to prevent seams from puckering.

This pattern has been chosen because it can be adapted to many occasions, and because the long full sleeves are just as attractive as the ruffles. If you prefer a long skirt, lengthen sections G and F.

Next turn Excella-Graf to opposite side and follow "Step by Step Instructions."



AMERICAN GIRL
PATTERN 4942.
IN ORDERING BE
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Slash front of the blouse to large perforations for opening. Cut a bias strip one inch wide, fold lengthwise and press, to finish opening. Then stitch—stitching shoulder from neckline outward, and underarm downward. Then press. Next run a row of stitching around armholes and neckline—about $\frac{1}{8}$ " from the edge—to prevent stretching while sewing or fitting.

Run row of gathering between perforations at lower edge of blouse. Baste or pin skirt sections E and D, and G and F together, matching notches. Then stitch—stitching from top to lower edge, and leaving left side seam free above medium perforation in top sections for opening. Press all seams. Join upper skirt to lower, using a lapped seam—that is, turn lower edge of upper skirt under $\frac{1}{2}$ " and baste. Then press. Place over lower skirt section, matching notches and lapping $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Baste together, and press. Then stitch on right side close to the folded edge. Join skirt to blouse with a lapped seam. Run a row of machine-stitching at lower edge of skirt, less than $\frac{1}{8}$ " from edge. To finish, roll edge between thumb and forefinger of left hand and slide needle along in roll and catch to outside about $\frac{1}{8}$ " apart.

Run rows of shirring in collar and armhole ruffle, or sleeve, if used instead of ruffle—using Gathering Foot. Finish lower edge of collar and ruffle, or sleeve, the same as the skirt.

Pin collar to neckline, matching notches, and ruffle or sleeve to armhole. Spread shirring evenly. Finish around neck, using a flat bias strip. Stitch bias to garment with right sides together—turn underneath and slip-stitch.

All seams should be pressed open, and edges finished by overcasting, or edge turned to underside about $\frac{1}{8}$ " and stitched on fold, free from the garment.

In ordering patterns, address The Pattern Editor, % THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Linda Plays Trumps

(Continued from page 34)

laughing talk about the Bias Bay Pirates who had sometimes taken command of smaller vessels and looted them. The possibility of their attacking the *Shantien* had been lightly dismissed. But it had happened—it must be that it had happened!

Now the noises were beginning again. The slap-slap of bare feet, pistols pounding against doors, rough commands in Chinese, "Open! Open!" Would her door be next? Now they had reached it. They were pounding on it, and shouting to her. What should she do?

This time there were women's frightened voices, mingled with the staccato of the pirates' raucous commands. She heard Mrs. Franklin-Bevans's pleading voice, "Linda—Linda! Please open the door. They threaten to shoot us, if you don't."

Now there was no question of what she must do, and with a little sobbing sigh she crossed the room, unlatched the door, and threw it open. There were three Chinese men, besides two women passengers. Two of the men drove the women back to their cabins. Evidently Linda's cabin had been allotted to the third man to loot. He entered, pushed the button near the doorway and flooded the room with light. It was the man who had jostled her on the pier—the man with the pitted face.

JIMSIE awoke, sat up and whimpered. Linda went over and stood by him protectively, but the pirate was not interested in the baby. As she stared at him, suddenly she found she was no longer afraid, but almost hysterically amused. For the man was dressed in Mr. Franklin-Bevans's mess-jacket, a pair of golf-knickers that she recognized as belonging to the Colonel, and a jaunty straw beret of one of the women passengers.

Just the same he was business-like. He put his pistol on top of Mrs. Warriner's trunk, after making a threatening gesture with it. Then he began pulling out the drawers, putting into his pockets any small articles that struck his fancy.

As soon as he had finished the trunk, she reflected, he would begin upon the chest of drawers. She remembered suddenly that Mrs. Warriner had decided upon jades that evening, and had not bothered to lock up her diamond ring and brooch, but had thrust them into one corner of a drawer in the chest. Would it be possible for her to reach them, and slip them into the pillow-case? The man was occupied with the lowest drawer of the trunk now. He was kneeling on the floor, appraising a string of amber beads. Perhaps while he was not looking she could get the diamonds.

She turned her head cautiously towards the chest. No, the drawer that held them was tightly closed. It would not be possible to open it without attracting the pirate's attention. All the drawers were closed except the top one. That was open, and as her careful backward glance swept it, something bright gleamed out at her.

She was never able to explain her action, but without conscious thought of what she was doing, she seized the gleaming object—and before the astonished pirate had time to turn around, he felt cold steel in the back of his neck. (Continued on page 46)



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Salad Days Are Here Again

By JANE CARTER

Some delectable suggestions for warm-weather meals

IT'S really old-fashioned to think of any special season for salads, for every day in the year has now become a "salad day." More and more everyone is eating and enjoying salads. Even the men and boys have fallen into line and no longer take the attitude of my own brother, who used to turn up his nose at any salad and call it just a plate of "grass."

With spring and summer, though, come the real "salad days" of the year. Warmer weather calls for more salads, and a greater variety of them. It's so easy to get into the habit, through the winter, of using only lettuce for our salad greens. This spring and summer, let's try some of the other greens, especially watercress and dandelion leaves, which may be had for the picking in many places. Green cabbage leaves also make a nice, crisp salad, and then there are chicory and escarole, as well as the more commonly used romaine and endive.

One of the smartest restaurants in New York makes a specialty of dandelion salad in the spring. They bring in a bright yellow bowl filled with the dark green dandelion leaves, and toss them in French dressing right before your eyes. Watercress is delicious as a salad, as well as a garnish, but it is not often served alone—more usually in combination with other salad ingredients such as tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, grapefruit and orange sections, or with a jellied salad.

There are as many different kinds of salads as there are letters in the alphabet, but if you know how to make the dressing for a mixed green salad, which is now commonly called a "Salad Bowl," if you know how to make mayonnaise and use it as a base or garnish for other salads, and if you know the secret of smart jellied salads, then you can let your imagination run riot in your combinations of salad greens, vegetables, and fruits.

A friend of mine who has spent many years in Italy makes the best mixed green salad that I know. Sometimes she uses plain lettuce, at other times a combination of let-

uce and another salad green, or some cut-up celery and tomato with the greens. But her secret is in the way she prepares her greens, and puts on her dressing. Her lettuce, when possible, is washed at least two hours ahead of time, wrapped in a clean towel and put in the refrigerator to crisp and dry thoroughly. Wet lettuce

never makes a good salad. When the time comes to mix the salad, she rubs her salad bowl well with some onion or a little garlic, puts in the lettuce, and any vegetable she is using, and then sprinkles on enough salad oil so that, by tossing and turning her greens, she soon has every bit of her salad coated lightly. Then in a large tablespoon (you'd better use a cup or a small bowl) she takes some more oil, and in it mixes her seasonings, salt, pepper, paprika, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar. When these are well blended, they are sprinkled over the salad and the greens are tossed some more. Try making a salad this way, and you'll be surprised at its unusual flavor.

Try green salads, vegetable salads, and fruit salads (which serve for both salad and dessert) and be sure to use some of my recipes for jellied salads. They are easy to make, and yet I know nothing that gives a more professional look to a summer meal.

Mayonnaise

- 2 egg yolks
- 4 teaspoons vinegar
- 4 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of cayenne
- 2 cups salad oil

Beat egg yolks with rotary egg beater. Add vinegar and lemon juice, and continue beating until blended. Add mustard, sugar, salt, and cayenne, and blend. Then add oil, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. When all oil has been added, continue beating until thick and smooth. Makes two cups mayonnaise.

Russian Dressing

- 1 tablespoon chili sauce
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 1/4 teaspoon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon pimiento, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and blend. Chill. Makes one-half cup dressing.

French Dressing

- 4 thin slices onion
- 5 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 1/4 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 cup (minus 1 tablespoon) salad oil

Let onion slices stand in vinegar thirty minutes; strain. Add sugar, salt, paprika, and cayenne to vinegar, and mix well. Then add oil, and shake in tightly covered container, or beat until thick and smooth. Chill. Shake again to mix before using. Makes one and one-third cups.

Cooked Salad Dressing

- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons mustard
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 2 eggs or 4 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk (sweet or sour)
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 2 tablespoons butter

Combine flour, seasonings, and sugar in top of double boiler. Add eggs and mix until smooth. Add milk; then add vinegar slowly, mixing well. Place over hot water and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Add butter. Cool. Makes two cups dressing.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

- 6 medium tomatoes, peeled
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2 cups diced cucumber

Remove thin slice from stem-end of each tomato and take out seeds and part of pulp. Sprinkle inside with salt, invert, and chill thirty minutes. Add salt to mayonnaise, add to cucumbers, and toss together lightly. Pile lightly in tomatoes and sprinkle top with paprika. Serve on crisp lettuce. Serves six.

Carrot and Cabbage Salad

- 2 cups carrots, cut in fine, long strips
- 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup cooked salad dressing
- 1/3 cup sour cream

Crisp carrots and cabbage by allowing them to stand in ice water. Drain cabbage, add vinegar, and chill fifteen minutes. Drain and dry vegetables thoroughly. Combine

carrots and cabbage and toss together lightly with dressing made by combining cooked salad dressing and sour cream. Serves six.

Cool Melon Salad

- 1 package lime-flavored gelatin
- 1 pint warm water
- 1½ cups cantaloupe or honey dew melon, cut in ½-inch balls

Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in melon balls. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise, or serve plain as dessert. Use only firm, ripe, sweet melon. Serves six.

Fruit Salad Aspic

(Base for fruit, or fruit and vegetable, salads)

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 cup warm water
- 1 cup fruit juice and water
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt (if vegetables are used)

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add fruit juice, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in desired fruit, or fruit and vegetables. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves six.

Use one to two cups combination of fruits such as: Apples, oranges, dates, and nuts; or bananas, white grapes, and oranges; or grapefruit, orange, and pineapple.

Use one to two cups combination of fruits and vegetables such as: Pineapple, raw carrot, and pecan meats; or pineapple and cucumber; or apple, celery, and walnut meats.

Cool Cucumber Salad

- 1 package lime-flavored gelatin
- 1 cup warm water
- ¾ cup canned grapefruit juice
- Dash of salt
- ½ cup grated cucumber
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- ½ cup finely diced cucumber

Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Add grapefruit juice, salt, and grated cucumber. Strain; then chill until slightly thickened. Add vinegar and dash of salt to diced cucumber, and fold at once into slightly thickened gelatin. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with creamy mayonnaise. Serves four. (Canned pineapple juice may be substituted for grapefruit juice in this recipe.)

Cottage Cheese Salad

- 1 package lemon- or lime-flavored gelatin
- 1 cup warm water
- 1 cup canned pineapple juice and water
- 1 cup canned crushed pineapple
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Dash of cayenne
- Strips of red or green pepper

Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Add pineapple juice and water. Chill. Combine pineapple, cheese, salt, and cayenne. When gelatin is slightly thickened, fold in pineapple mixture. Decorate mold with strips of red or green pepper. Turn gelatin mixture into it. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves eight.

CRITICAL MOMENTS NO. 2

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Bunny Likes the Merriams

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: The March cover by Gertrude A. Kay was simply splendid—let's have more like it.

I like Mary Avery Glen's stories about the two Merriam girls, Phyl and Meg, best of all, so I sure did enjoy *The Gold Flower-Basket*. Can't we have Jock Bacon in more stories? Next to the Merriam girls, I think he's the best character.

Nancibel Play-Acts by Esther Greenacre Hall was interesting, but even better was the fourth installment of Lenora Mattingly Weber's *Heedless Haydens*. I knew I'd be crazy about that story when I first saw it. I agree with Myrtle Rhose Law in wishing that Jim Thorne would fall in love with Bendy Hayden. I hope he notices her in her new dress at the dance.

About the articles, I absolutely disagree with anyone who thinks there should be fewer. *Good Manners at School* was very helpful as well as interesting. I vote for more etiquette series. *Right Face* by Hazel Rawson Cades was also very good.

The Larks Go By, by Florence Boyce Davis, was the best poem THE AMERICAN GIRL ever had. The Food Products Contest has also aroused my interest.

Bunny Berman

Frances Enjoys Articles

HARRISONVILLE, MISSOURI: The March number is so absolutely swell that I just had to write and tell you how much I think of it. To begin with, the cover is darling. As soon as I saw it, I thought, "The March Wind Doth Blow."

The articles are "elegant." I have been watching this debate about which to have more of—articles or stories. It is rather hard to decide, but I believe I would choose articles. They are so helpful and, honestly, I don't know what I'd do without the *It's More Fun When You Know the Rules* series. Please let's have more *I Am a Girl Who* articles, too, and more of those swell recipes by Jane Carter.

I am certainly partial to *The Heedless Haydens* as a serial. Each of the characters is so wonderfully lifelike. *Nancibel Play-Acts* was darling, and the illustrations by Seefeldt helped it one hundred percent. *The Gold Flower-Basket* was cute, too. I love to see Betty Bliss solve the little mysteries step by step, as in *The White Rabbit Mystery*.

Frances Kay Mallon

"An Excellent Tip"

IOLA, KANSAS: I subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL with some money given me on my birthday, and now I can give my friends an excellent tip on how to spend their birth-

day or Christmas money—to do the same thing.

I revel in *The Heedless Haydens*, though I think Ben is somewhat of a shirk. I loved the story about Ishbel, and the Betty Bliss stories are fine, too. But I doubly enjoy and profit by the etiquette series. I hope you never run out of them.

The covers are pretty, too. I like the thrill of finding what the winning title is so well that I'm not daunted at all when the suggestions I send in aren't ever mentioned. I just keep on sending them.

Altogether I think the magazine is grand.
Jean Humes

Jean Admires "Girl in Brown"

CHINCHILLA, PENNSYLVANIA: I have just finished reading the March number, and I think it is one of the best. To start at the front of the book, *Girl in Brown* drew my attention because of her pretty face set off by the big hat. Next in line is *David Copperfield*. That swell article has made me more determined than ever to see the picture. *Nancibel Play-Acts* didn't seem to measure up to my expectations, but as for *The Gold Flower-Basket*—now there is a real good story! I was delighted to see Phyllis and Sally back again.

Those grand articles on Good Looks and Etiquette are something THE AMERICAN GIRL can't do without.

The *White Rabbit Mystery* seems to me the best yet of the Betty Bliss series.

Now for *The Heedless Haydens*: I do believe it will measure up to the *Laughing Princess* which I think is the best serial printed in the magazine. I hope Bendy makes good with her cows.

Oh, my! I haven't mentioned the cover. It certainly fits the kind of weather we're having. The blending of green and brown got me.

Jean Beers

Taking Turns

RESEDA, CALIFORNIA: When our Eighth Grade class won the prize of five dollars for getting the most new members for our local P-T-A, we girls decided to subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL—and I know none of the girls are sorry we did. We take turns bringing the book home, and tonight is my night. I've already read the March issue, so I thought I would write and tell you what I liked, for I really think I had very few dislikes.

The cover was darling, and I think we need some more by Gertrude Kay—her cov-

ers are so lifelike, and this was such a nice idea with its March winds. After all, if the cover isn't catchy, to me it rather spoils the rest of the book.

The picture *David Copperfield* has not come to our little theater yet, but you can just bet that when it does we are all going to see it. The review by Betty Shannon was "A-1" and makes me want all the more to see this great picture.

I thought the story *Nancibel Play-Acts* was very good. I enjoy any kind of mountain story, and I particularly like Esther Hall's.

The story *The Gold Flower-Basket* couldn't have been any better, and the reason I liked it was because it was so lifelike, and it seemed like a party anyone could have gone to, and not just a story.

The Heedless Haydens is an excellent story, and I, like some of your other readers, wish that Bendy would in the end marry Jim Thorne.

Good Manners at School was very helpful and also interesting. I'm a Girl Scout so, of course, I enjoy their articles and pictures.

I'm sending for one of the patterns to make. It will be the second dress I have made, and I sure hope it comes out nicely.

Eleanor Denham

Best of All

OPOLIS, KANSAS: I'm like everyone else, I like *The Heedless Haydens*; and I thought *You're Only Young Once* was swell, but I liked *The Gold Flower-Basket* best of all.

I am not a Girl Scout because there is no organization near where I live. I didn't think much about it until I read THE AMERICAN GIRL, but now I wish I belonged. Girl Scouting seems so interesting.

I am going to start a collection of the pictures used as frontispieces. I think the last one, *The Girl in Brown*, by James J. Shannon is the best one yet. I adore pictures.

The notes about *David Copperfield* made me want to read the book, as I didn't see the show.

Marjorie Gould

Evenly Balanced

RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY: I simply must write and tell you how much I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL. The March issue is grand. I was crazy about the *David Copperfield* article, since I got THE AMERICAN GIRL the day before I saw the picture.

The stories are wonderful and I think the same about the articles. They are both very evenly balanced.

Only one thing is wrong. Where are Ruth Carroll's covers? The covers are nice now, but no one can beat hers. She could draw the darlings' little dogs I ever saw. Please get her back; then the magazine will be perfect.

Rosemary Gelshenen

The Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 24)
pulse, looked at her tongue. "Sort of a physical and nervous collapse from overstrain," he pronounced.

Old Mary Martha could not pass Bendy, in the big rocker, that evening, without patting her cheek, urging, "God love you, pet, don't look so hurt and crushed."

"I'm not," the girl defended grimly.

Bendy's grimness clung to her. It was a grim and different Bendy who ran the Rocking Chair from then on. A different Bendy, this, from the one whose feet had danced so constantly that the incubator Mary Martha had set in a corner of the living room hadn't hatched because of too much jiggling.

This Bendy said to Laura, "I'll give you a pint of cream to use each day; the rest goes into the cream can." This Bendy said to Joe, "No sense in you stuffing that Remember calf of yours. From now on, you give it the same amount we give the others." This Bendy checked on Murdock's milking, sometimes sitting down and stripping the cows after he had done, and then showing to him the half pint or so she had pulled from them. "And the last is always the richest," she'd remind him.

A grim, hard-working Bendy. Slowly but surely she was pulling the cows out of the slack period Daywalt had predicted would follow their bloated colic. So many forkfuls of alfalfa for each cow. Oil meal varied regularly by chop. On these nippy cold mornings Mary Martha's kitchen fire wasn't going as soon as the one attached to the watering tank in the corner of the feed shed. Bendy watched the sky. Only on sunny days were the cows let out to pasture. "Gosh-a-mighty," Murdock snorted, "in my day a cow had to forage through three feet of snow."

The price of butter fat went up. And every check went into the bank.

Skipper Ann turned to the December page on the calendar. Wasn't December pretty, with the picture of the Child in a manger, and the shepherds, and the Blessed Mother, and donkeys gazing at him? A Shetland pony was just about as big as a donkey. Never a day passed that the little girl didn't climb the windmill, and stare over the plains to see if a red flag might be flying from Jim Thorne's barn.

The Christmas gift edition of their favorite mail order catalog arrived. Around the lamp-lighted table, the catalog was pulled from one to another. Just look at these big red candles trimmed with holly!

But Bendy deposited every cream check.

Laura's superior complacence took on a plaintive air. "If I just had some gelatin, or something to add zest to the meals! There's hardly any way you can vary beans, Bendy, except bean croquettes, and you know what crude remarks Joe and Murdock make whenever I have bean croquettes. Or if the potatoes weren't such teeny-weeny things, I could have surprise potatoes now and then."

Seldom a day passed that Laura didn't reproach Bendy because of having to use those teeny-weeny potatoes. They were the ones the Haydens had thought too small to bother digging last fall. But this new Bendy had dug them.

"I just have to mash those teeny-weeny potatoes," Laura fretted on. "Because I'd—

really—I'd be ashamed for the Professor to see them in their natural state."

Bendy said shortly, "Well, he'll be leaving in January—and then maybe we'll get one that isn't so pernickety. Ab Drummy told me that the schoolboard had just about decided he wasn't able to manage the school."

"Who told Ab Drummy that?" Laura demanded, looking at Bendy out of stricken eyes.

"The homesteader did. He said his children needed discipline, and they weren't getting it. They were running away with the school, he said."

"Do you know whose fault it all is?" Laura asked vehemently. "It's Joe's fault! Honest it is, Bendy. You know how those homesteader kids always think whatever he does is just right—and they follow after him, and copy him. It's Joe's scoffing attitude. And it's your fault, Bendy. Yours and Murdock's."

"My fault, your foot!" denied Bendy uncomfortably. "I've been so busy with the cows, I haven't even known what the Professor did."

"Yes, but you laugh at Murdock when he calls him a nincompoop. You let Joe make fun of him." Laura's voice choked on a sob. "None of you are big enough to see his bigness—I mean figuratively."

Bendy's own unhappiness made her gentle. "I'm sorry, Sis. I'd like to see his bigness—if he's got any."

So that these days Laura worked about the kitchen with a sad, injured air. She quoted dreary bits of verse. One gray, late afternoon as she sat picking over beans to cook the next day, she murmured, "The day is dark, and cold, and dreary—"

Murdock finished it, "And the nights are a darn sight worse."

Order, and schedule, and work on the Rocking Chair. Butter fat went up another cent. Under Bendy's never-lagging care, the cows' production gradually increased. When the cream can was three-fourths full, she loaded it into the wagon, drove Tillie and Tom to Slow Water, and came back with an empty cream can, an empty wagon, but with an added figure in her bank book.

Plodding. That was it. No dashing down the road in a car with a half-formed chuckle on her lips, and heaven only knew what half-formed whispers in her heart! Now there was nothing in her heart but figures—and regrets.

A different Bendy. Past Jim Thorne's ranch she drove, clicking Tillie and Tom to a trot. Sometimes she would notice a new colt—all knotty joints, and legs, and lovely creaminess—and she thought of Little Pete and his heart that didn't pump right. But, crowding close on that memory, was the rankling one of an exasperated voice saying, "Get out and shut the door."

Order, and schedule, and work on the Rocking Chair. But no happiness. Sometimes, in the evening, when the lonely Skipper Ann would climb into her sister's lap, she'd say wistfully, "Bendy, don't you sing any more?"

And Bendy would answer truthfully, "I wish I could, Skipper, but there just isn't any song inside of me."

Was the song in Bendy's heart lost forever? Read the next installment and see!



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For recreation and gymnasium use, Keds have been developed through 17 years of practical, patient research. The new scientific last and the Shock-Proof insole, which lessens fatigue and protects against the jar of concrete or the bruising effect of gym floors, are the very last word in recreational shoe design.

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the shoe of Champions

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WHAT shall I do when I get through school?"

This is the question that more girls are asking today than ever before. And there will never be a better moment for you yourself to ask it than right now, when you do not have to decide immediately.

This month I shall tell you about some books which will help you to find the answer. There are three kinds of them—stories, autobiographies and biographies, and books filled with information which has been gathered with the very purpose of helping girls like yourself.

Stories About Girls Who Have Done Things

Rusty Ruston by Marian Hurd McNeely (Longmans, Green) is the story of a high school girl with a talent for growing things, who sold her own garden flowers, and built up a real business in an emergency. *The House that Jill Built* by Anne Maxon (Dodd, Mead) is about a high school girl whose father was an architect and who, when he was ill, stepped into the breach and took the first important steps toward realizing her own dream of entering his profession. *Jane's Island* by Marjorie Hill Allee (Houghton Mifflin) is the story of a girl who, during summer vacation, went to a scientist's family as household assistant, and there learned more than a little of what it means to be a scientist. *Linnet on the Threshold* by Margaret Raymond (Longmans, Green) takes the girl Linnet into a department store, and gives you many an interesting glimpse behind the scenes in that kind of work. *Sandra's Cellar* by Fjeril Hess (Macmillan) is the story of a young college girl who secured a position in a bookstore. *A Bend in the Road* also by Margaret Raymond (Longmans, Green) is a splendid story about a girl who went to work in a greeting-card factory, and came face-to-face with life as it really is, in these days.

If you are interested in teaching, there are many stories about it—*Little Citizens* by Myra Kelly (Doubleday, Doran), about the children in a large city; *Buckaroo* by Fjeril Hess (Macmillan), about teaching a ranch school; *Quare Woman* by Lucy Furman, and *Mountain Girl* by Genevieve Fox (both, Little, Brown), about teaching among the Southern mountaineers of our country; *Emmy Lou* by George Madden Martin (Doubleday, Doran), about a little girl who found learning difficult; *You Make Your Own Luck* by Elsie Singmaster (Houghton Mifflin), the story of a young girl who decided to make her own luck by securing a teaching position and earning her own college education. *Anne of Avonlea* by Lucy

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

M. Montgomery, a sequel to *Anne of Green Gables* (Page), is a very real story of a country school teacher, and *The Jumping Off Place* by Marian Hurd McNeely (Longmans, Green), while chiefly about homesteading, also has in it a fine picture of teaching in country surroundings.

Perhaps you are interested in social work, and so will especially enjoy *Dear Enemy* by Jean Webster (Appleton-Century), an appealing story of life in an orphan asylum; and *Mountain Girl Comes Home* by Genevieve Fox (Little, Brown), about work among the mountaineers of Kentucky. Or perhaps library work appeals to you, and you will enjoy *In the Shadow of the Skyscrapers* by Mabel Cleland Widdemer (Harcourt, Brace) which tells about children coming from tenement homes to the children's room in the public library. How one girl started writing is told in *A Barrel of Clams* by Shirley Berton Leshner (Harcourt, Brace). *K* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doubleday, Doran) is the story of a young nurse. *A Lantern in Her Hand* by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton-Century) and *Red Rust* by Cornelie Cannon (Little, Brown) tell of women who ran their own farms.

If you wish to find other stories about these or other kinds of work, ask your librarian for them. Or send for the splendid list published by the American Library Association, 520 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, *Vocations in Fiction*, which you may buy for thirty-five cents, and which describes three hundred and forty-nine such books.

True Stories of Splendid Women

If you are interested in writing, or in becoming an illustrator of books, there is a real treasure house for you in *The Junior Book of Authors*, edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft (H. W. Wilson Company), in which you may read the stories of the eminent writers of books for boys and girls, and their illustrators, from times past down to the present day. The biographies of many of your favorite authors are here. You will find out how each started, and you may compare their experiences. This is one of the most valuable, as well as one of the most interesting, books recently published.

For full-length books about writers, there are *My Garden of Memory* by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton Mifflin), which has in it much about teaching, as well as writing; and *My Story* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart).

If you wish to be an artist, *Girls Who Became Artists* by Winifred and Frances Kirkland (Harper) has in it the stories of eleven artists, including three who have illustrated books for boys and girls—Wanda Gag, Pamela Bianco, and Marguerite Kirmse. *Background with Figures* by Cecilia Beaux (Houghton Mifflin) is the story of a distinguished American painter; *Modeling My Life* by Janet Scudder (Harcourt, Brace) is that of an eminent American sculptor. If music is your special artistic interest, read *Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans* (Macmillan), Mme. Schumann-Heink's own story written by Mary Lawton. If acting appeals to you, read *At 33* by Eva Le Gallienne (Longmans, Green). And when you have finished each book, stop and think of the many years that passed, and the many difficulties and problems these women solved, before they achieved their recognition and their high standing.

You will get some idea of the numbers of biographies and autobiographies waiting for you, from these that I have mentioned, and from such others as *Forty Years at Hull House* by Jane Addams (Macmillan)—social work; *Florence Nightingale* by Irene Cooper Willis (Coward-McCann)—nursing; *The Fun of It* by Amelia Earhart (Harcourt, Brace)—aviation; *Pierre Curie* by Marie Curie (Macmillan)—science and scientific research, including Mme. Curie's own story.

Every Kind of Career

And now for books of information about the many kinds of work that girls and women are doing today. Perhaps I should have told you about these first of all.

Some of these books are: *Careers for Women* by Catherine Filene (Houghton Mifflin); *An Outline of Careers for Women* by Doris Fleischman (Doubleday, Doran); *Jobs for Girls* by Hazel Rawson Cades (Harcourt, Brace); *What Girls Can Do* by Ruth Wanger (Holt); *The Girl and Her Future* by Helen Hoerle (Smith and Haas); *Girls Who Did* by Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore (Dutton).

Others that deal with careers for boys as well as girls are *Choosing a Career* edited by George Bijur (Farrar and Rinehart); *Careers Ahead* by Joseph Cottler and Harold Brecht (Little, Brown); and *I Find My Vocation* by Harry Dexter Kitson (McGraw-Hill).

Ears Only

(Continued from page 35)

is smooth, and the expression approximately what it should be—the Director begins adding sound effects. The effects are set down in the manuscript. There have been as many as a thousand in a drama lasting forty minutes; there have been as few as six. This is one of the most fascinating aspects of radio—certainly it is the feature which helps you most to visualize what is taking place.

The instruments which make the sounds are kept in a large room, neatly stacked and accurately tagged, shelf after shelf of them—rain, wind, thundering hoofs, pistol shots, motor dronings, and hundreds of other sounds necessary to the radio drama. One shelf is laden with echoes of disaster—everything from a breaking window to a train wreck. The fiercest roars, the most pathetic squeals, hang from pegs against the wall.

If a careless elbow brushes an odd contraption hung on the door knob, it gives forth the sound of booming surf. A bellowing foghorn hangs from a nail nearby; next is the brazen clang of a bell-buoy marking a reef; last, the hoarse voice of an ocean liner far at sea.

The sound effects needed for a specific play are loaded on a large square table resembling a carpenter's bench, and this, with a four-table phonograph, is delivered to the studio. The bench will be covered with the strangest assortment of thingamajigs you ever saw—for example, a great many toys such as you can buy in the "Five and Ten." There are boxes which moo like a cow. Roughened strings dangle from cylinders of various sizes which, when pulled, give you noises that sound like anything from the *ma-a-a* of a goat to the roar of a lion. The lion cylinder is a keg and was used to simulate the roar of a lion in a movie made by Theodore Roosevelt. There are cowbells, garbage cans, wind machines, motors, tackles, ropes, hammers, knives, forks, graters, sandpaper blocks, winches, pasteboard boxes, and hundreds of other articles, including nondescript odds and ends which look as if the plumber might have left them when he finished fixing the leak in the bathroom.

Ordinarily one man is able to handle the sound-effects, but sometimes as many as four are employed. These men, called engineers, work from copies of the play, the same as other members of the cast. Without them radio programs would lose half their meaning. When a man says he is going to mount his horse he is saying just so many words, but when you hear him say "Giddap!" followed by the sound of the horse trotting away, you are convinced.

The microphone is so sensitive that these engineers long ago discovered that sounds do not always carry "on the air" as we ordinarily hear them without the aid of the mike. A scene in one play called for the "tingping" of a bus conductor's fare register. The genuine device was tried, but the sound it made was far from realistic. Hours of experiment followed before a double telephone bell was used. This gave forth the elusive "tingping" in the correct tone when an exposed corner was struck with a coin while a hand covered the second bell.

The report of a pistol in a broadcasting studio might wreck several hundred dollars' worth of equipment. By accident it was discovered that snap. (Continued on page 46)

THE Beginning of the BUSINESS GIRL



BACK in the seventies, employment opportunities for women were limited. The exciting and interesting life of the business world was largely reserved for men and boys.

In 1875 Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and it was destined to help change all that. Yet no one realized, at the time, how this strange, new instrument would revolutionize the life of thousands of future young women. For it was natural, in those days, that all telephone work should be performed by men.

The first telephone operators were boys. It was soon found, however, that lively young boys did not have the patience and diplomacy necessary for the work. In the late seventies—even though it was considered an experiment—a few boys were supplanted by girls. They quickly proved themselves. From then on, when it came to

telephone operating, girls rapidly came to be recognized as better than boys.

You well know what has happened since. Millions of capable young women now hold many kinds of positions in almost every kind of business.

In the Bell System there are more than 150,000 women and girls faithfully performing a wide variety of duties. Their loyalty has contributed in large measure to giving this country the world's best telephone service.



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Open from July 2 to August 30 to Girl Scouts 14-18 years of age.

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Mariners, belay! Set sail for an eight weeks' adventure. Sailing—crew suppers on the beach—cruising. Riding—rafts—archery—"Anchors aweigh" July 1.



Bonnie Dune for Boys at South Dennis, affiliated

THE NAUTICAL CAMP FOR GIRLS

Forty girls, 7 to 10; 11 to 18.
22nd Season. Tuition \$325.
No "extras". Address: Lucile Rogers, 210 East 68th St., N. Y. C.



Ears Only

(Continued from page 45)

ping a spectacle case shut, close to the mike, sounded like a shot. Striking a padded board with a flat stick is also used for the same purpose. To obtain the sound made by a Civil War pistol, the Director of *Roses and Drums* had a record made of the firing of a pistol, vintage of 1863.

Telegraph instruments register realistically over the air, and a ratchet serves admirably as a subway turnstile. Alarm clocks with bells deadened have been used as riveting machines, and a stock ticker once did duty as a whole battery of linotype machines.

The sound made by a dog tapping his tail on the floor is produced by a man tapping his forehead with a padded stick. Airplane motors are simulated by electrically whirled straps that beat against drumheads at varying speeds, ranging from the slow, uncertain speed of warming motors to the high-pitched drone when a pilot "gives it the gun."

In the sound laboratories of the National Broadcasting Company is a wooden board two feet square, to which is attached a variety of automobile horns, including a siren for hair-raising fire scenes. The sound of a threshing machine is produced by a combination of intricate machinery and a rattle.

When you hear the sound of a struggle, a struggle is actually taking place. Three or four men scuffle and pummel each other in front of the microphone. If a fire is under way, however, and you hear the crackling of flames—it is not really fire you hear, but the crumpling of a stiff piece of paper. Try it with closed eyes. It makes a better blaze than a phonograph record of a fire itself. When an actor in a recent program was supposed to crash through a stair-railing to the cellar, the sound of his fall reached you most convincingly. It was produced by turn-

ing over a table covered with wooden blocks. And when a man in a radio play walks upstairs he doesn't walk upstairs at all, but in a straight line on wooden planking which reproduces the sound exactly.

To give you the sound of crackling underbrush the engineers tried many things. Breaking of actual twigs before the mike produced a sound like rifle fire. Today the sound of creeping through the brush is made by—guess what? A whisk-broom!

Two pieces of sandpaper rubbed together give the sound of a locomotive puffing. Thunder comes from the thunder drum—a special frame, six feet square, over which is stretched a piece of cowhide. It gives out a terrifying sound.

Sometimes the devices used are comic. You'd laugh if you were in the studio, seeing the sound-maker clash a fork and knife together to produce the effect of two grim men having a duel with sabres. In your home it sounds real enough.

What do you think a lot of marbles rolled on a drumhead sounds like? The roar of waves breaking over the prow of a ship! If it's a calm sea and the waves swish gently, a corn popper filled with gravel gives the effect. The sound of rain is made by rubbing excelsior on the closed side of the mike. A heavy downpour, by pouring salt on waxed paper.

The engineers work hard. When the show is over, they are drenched in perspiration.

The Director watches the clock as the rehearsal proceeds. Time is an all-important factor in radio—as important as it is to a railroad. The program moves through the air according to a rigid time-table. Every minute is a milestone, and the Director can tell at any minute whether the program is going too fast, or too slow. If it moves too

quickly, it will be finished ahead of schedule; if too slowly, it will bump into the program succeeding it.

The orchestra conductor watches the second-hand, and when it reaches the scheduled instant, down goes his baton. On the instant, the buttons are pressed, the switches pulled, and the program is on the air.

The Director is a kind of train-dispatcher—there must be no collisions—but he is tongue-tied. He cannot use his microphone as he has done during rehearsals. His voice would go thundering into the middle of the drama, and out on the air to you—and wouldn't you be surprised to hear suddenly an irritated voice yelling, "Hurry up, you sluggards, or we'll never make it on time!" Instead the Director letters his instructions on a large square of paper, and this is held up before the performers.

When the program is finished, it is forgotten and gone forever. In this country we have not reached the point where radio listeners want to hear a performance over again.

The final step lies with the radio audience. If they write letters, those letters will count as hand-claps. Ten letters cannot be counted as applause, but if ten thousand letters arrive, the producers will know that the program has pleased the audience, and that it would like more of the same kind. Some performers have received as many as a half-million letters on one broadcast, but this is extraordinary. The average mail of a radio favorite is about a hundred to a thousand letters a week.

So there you have it—the story of the towers, the five hundred and ninety-eight towers, each holding prisoner a radio princess who is destined to grow more beautiful every year.

Linda Plays Trumps

(Continued from page 39)

"Don't move!" commanded Linda in Chinese. "If you do, I will shoot."

The man seemed stunned. Knowing that the cabin was occupied merely by a girl and a baby, he had not taken the trouble to keep his pistol within easy reach. No doubt he was aware, too, that his confederates were busy in other parts of the boat.

"Go!" ordered Linda. "If you wish to live, go!"

"I go," replied the man. "Only remove your gun, Honorable Miss."

"When you are outside the door," replied Linda, "I remove the gun. Quickly!"

The man cautiously crawled on all fours towards the doorway, Linda prodding him in the rear. When he reached the corridor, he arose and fled.

Trembling again, the girl closed and locked the door. She climbed in beside Jimmie who, when the light was turned off, went to sleep again. She made no effort to do so herself, for she was again in the grip of fear; fear, not only for herself, but for the others, most of all for Paul. She lay beside the baby, motionless and half-sick with apprehension.

After hours seemed to have passed, she

heard a hallooing that came from the sea. Looking from her port-hole, in the gray of the dawn, she could see another boat. It lay in the slimy fog like a ghost. Wraith-like skiffs plied between it and the *Shun-tien*. Linda divined the truth; the other ship was a confederate, to which the pirates were carrying their loot. It was a long time before they were all off, and in the meantime the *Shun-tien* veered crazily as though left to inexperienced hands, or to none at all.

At last the other boat steamed away. While she was wondering whether she dare open the door, she heard Paul's voice. "Linda! Linda!" Flinging back the bolt, she threw herself into her brother's arms. Paul had never been distinguished for being demonstrative, but for once his affection for his sister was thoroughly evidenced.

"What happened?" sobbed Linda hysterically.

"Plenty," replied her brother. "That scum got on at Shanghai as regular steerage passengers. They smuggled their guns on board, and arranged to take over the ship at a given signal. It all worked out, too. The officers resisted, but the other fellows were armed, so what could they do? The captain is pretty badly wounded, but the doctor says

he will get well. The Second Officer is in command. When I heard the rats I opened my door, because I knew you were all alone in here with the kid. Did you hear the fracas?"

"Did I!"

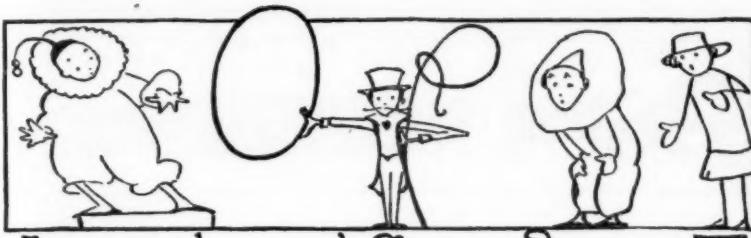
"But when he covered me with his gun, there was nothing to do but what he said. I figured I wouldn't be much good to you dead. They shut all the men up in the dining-room and the women in the saloon. After relieving everybody of their valuables, of course!"

"Oh, Paul!" breathed Linda.

"They didn't hurt you or the kid, did they?" Paul's glance sped to that talented young sleeper, Jimmie.

"N-no," stammered Linda, beginning to sob again with the reaction from her fright. "N-no, our p-pirate hadn't any ch-chance to hurt us. I s-scared him out with my c-curling-iron! I s-shoved it in the b-back of his neck and he thought it was a g-gun."

Paul stared at her in amazement. Then his eyes lighted on the pirate's revolver where it lay on top of the trunk, and traveled slowly back to his sister's face. "My gosh," he muttered, rumpling his hair. "And they call 'em the weaker sex!"



Laugh and Grow Scout

Her Order

Jane had just started to school. The first day, the teacher said to the class, "Now, if you want anything just raise your hand." So a little while later Jane raised her hand.

"Yes, Jane, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Well, I'd like a chocolate ice-cream soda with two straws," said Jane. And then she wondered why the children laughed!—*Sent by PATRICIA HILL, Sidney, Nebraska.*

Not a Bite

PASSER-BY (to angler): How are the fish in this stream?

ANGLER: I really don't know. I've been dropping them a line every day, but I haven't got any answer yet.—*Sent by DOROTHY RANKIN, Iowa City, Iowa.*

No Wonder

ED: I had beef last night, and today I feel bulky.

RED: I had hash last night, and today I feel like everything.—*Sent by MARGERY THOMAS, Erlanger, Kentucky.*

Overheard

"Is she as sour as she looks?"

"Sour? Why, if that woman looked up on a starry night, she'd curdle the Milky Way."—*Sent by RUTH E. LONG, Kingsport, Tennessee.*

Astounding Feat



TEACHER (explaining a difficult problem): Now, watch the board carefully, and I'll go through it again.—*Sent by SADIE RUBIN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Kill Him Again!



TEACHER: In which of his battles was King Gustavus Adolphus slain?

PUPIL: I'm pretty sure it was the last one.—*Sent by VIRGINIA CARDWELL, Columbia, South Carolina.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Too Dumb

Little Mary was playing school when her father came along and said, "Well, Mary, I suppose you're the teacher."

"Oh, no," Mary replied, "I don't know enough to be the teacher. I am only the superintendent."—*Sent by MARTHA PAT EVANS, Stillwater, Oklahoma.*

All Right!

A little girl was sent upstairs, and told to sit on a certain chair in a certain room, for punishment. Soon she called, "Mother, may I come down now?"

The mother replied, "No, sit right where you are till I tell you to get up."

"All right then," shouted the little girl, "but I'm sitting on your best hat."—*Sent by BETTY CRAWFORD, Fairview, Camden, New Jersey.*

Flight of Fancy



FIRST SCHOOLGIRL: My Daddy is an Elk.
SECOND SCHOOLGIRL: Don't be such a story-teller, Mary Brown; your father's just a regular man, like anybody else.—*Sent by FRANCES SCHWARTZ, Brooklyn, New York.*

Variety Wanted

Grandmother was helping Peggy make out a list of little guests for her birthday party. "How about the Morton twins?" Grandma asked.

"Well, there's no need of asking them both," Peggy answered. "They're exactly alike."—*Sent by HELEN DORSEY, Welch, West Virginia.*

High Economy

A Scotchman found a cough drop, so he sat in a draft.—*Sent by JEAN DAIRS, Washington, D. C.*



ARE YOU THE OFFICER OF THE DAY?

WHEN Mother's away and you take over Kitchen Detail, call for another good scout—a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. In fact, you'll have two good scouts. For Fels-Naptha gives you golden soap and lots of cleansing naptha, working together. The two of them will clean up that kitchen in no time at all. Be sure to report this to mother, too—Fels-Naptha washes clothes whiter—it banishes "tattle-tale gray."



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STERLING STAMP CO. Box 272-Z, BALTIMORE, MD.

SCARCE HAWAII!!!! BOLIVIA TRIANGLE! Packet of unusual stamps containing old Hawaii, scarce Bolivia triangle, famous Money Stamp (printed on cardboard and also used as currency); airmails from Mexico and Paraguay; Map, Ship, Animal, Commemorative, etc. No Europe. Only 10¢ to approval applicants. De Soto Stamp & Coin Co., 105 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

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MONIMINO STAMP CO., Pindico A., Baltimore, Md.



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STAMPS FROM A TO Z! Attractive Approvals for Collectors. Empress Jingo set and fine packet Japan, 10 cents to approval applicants. Victor Stamps, 1824-D Greenfield Avenue, West Los Angeles, California.



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

WHAT a lot of things, of interest to the stamp collector, have happened since these notes last appeared in March! Most important to American collectors was the placing on sale, on March fifteenth, of the special ungummed and unperfected sheets of stamps which Mr. Farley presented to a few of his friends at the time the original sheets were being printed. These came to be known as the "Farley Gift Sheets," and the organized stamp clubs protested at the practice of distributing the sheets in such a manner that only a small group of persons could obtain them.

The Department acceded to the wish of many of the country's leading clubs which desired that, if the sheets could not be withdrawn from the people to whom they had been presented, collectors be given a chance to purchase them. And this is just what happened. The entire twenty different varieties which had been taken from the presses in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing before they had been gummed or perforated were placed on sale in the nation's Capitol at Washington. The stamps so issued were the 3¢ Proclamation of Peace, 1¢ and 3¢ Century of Progress souvenir sheets, 3¢ Byrd Little America perforated stamp as well as the imperforate souvenir sheet, 3¢ Mothers' Day from the flat press, and the 3¢ Wisconsin Centennial. The entire set of ten of the National Parks stamps were reprinted, as were the 1¢ and 3¢ National Parks souvenir panes. The 16¢ airmail special delivery stamp completes the issue of twenty different varieties.

These stamps are being sold only through the Philatelic Agency in complete sheets and uncut blocks of four. In the case of the souvenir panes of the 1¢ and 3¢ Century of Progress, 1¢ and 3¢ National Parks, and the Byrd Little America stamps, these issues will not be sold in less than a complete sheet. Because of these difficulties confronting the collector who wants these stamps only in singles, pairs or blocks, your Editor has arranged to supply a limited number to you as follows: The complete set of twenty stamps, one single of each variety, for \$1.30; the same twenty stamps in pairs of two each for \$2.50, or the same twenty stamps in blocks of four at \$4.60.

This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of Great

Britain of King George V, an event worthy indeed of commemoration in the stamp collector's album. Forty-four of the British colonies strung around the world will each have four different stamps, but the designs will be identical. Only the denomination tablet and colony name will be different. The design will show King George in profile at the right, wearing the crown, in a medallion framed by the garter, above which are the dates "1910-1935." Occupying the rest of the stamp will be a view of Windsor castle. The stamps, which will be printed in two colors, will go on sale simultaneously in all of the colonies on May sixth—the actual date of the King's accession—and they will remain in use until December thirty-first, at which time any remainders will be withdrawn and destroyed.

The Dominions of Canada, New Zealand and the Commonwealth of Australia, as well as the Union of South Africa, will each have a set of stamps to commemorate this event which is so dear to the hearts of the English people.

We are able to illustrate for you the new postage and airmail stamps of Honduras which have been expected for several months. The postage set consists of four different stamps as follows:

1 centavo green showing the Masonic Temple at Tegucigalpa; 2 centavos carmine rose, a portrait of Dr. Y. Gral. Tiburcio Carias A., the President of Honduras. On the 5 centavos deep blue is shown the flag of the Republic, and on the 6 centavos deep brown the place of honor is given to Tomas Estrada Palma, the first Director General of Posts of Honduras and the first President of Cuba.

Each stamp in the airmail series of seven values is inscribed "Interno e International" and dated "1935-1938." On the 8 centavos blue is shown the street between the post office and the national palace, with a part of each building exhibited. The 10 centavos gray green pictures a portion of Tegucigalpa from the air, and the map of Honduras is shown on the 15 centavos dull green. A massive bridge and the Presidential palace make an especially fine design for the 20 centavos deep green. On the 40 centavos red brown is pictured another air view of a portion of Tegucigalpa. The 50 centavos yellow shows an owl, and the high value of the set, the 1 lempira green, has the Honduran coat of arms.



Tell Time by the SUN

You'll want a SUNWATCH on your next scouting, hiking, fishing or camping trip.

Here is a novel, scientific, practical time-keeper . . . a compass sundial arrangement that tells the correct time wherever the sun shines.

Priced at \$1.00

Built in a thin, satin-finished, brass case, it's a beauty to look at . . . and can be carried in the pocket like any ordinary watch. No winding is necessary . . . there is no ticking . . . nothing to get out of order. With each SUNWATCH you receive a folder of instructions and information.

Purchase from your dealer or send us \$1 and we will forward postpaid.

OUTDOOR SUPPLY CO., Inc.
164 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

CUT ME OUT!

and I will tell you how to
raise \$5.00 or more

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Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

FIVE Fascinating new HANDICRAFTS

Enchanting WOOD-BEAD CRAFT
Fascinating INDIAN BEAD CRAFT
Absorbing TILE-BEAD CRAFT
Dazzling JEWEL CRAFT
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FREE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

You will enjoy making Bags, Belts, Jewelry, Pictures, Hot-plate Mats, Pillows . . . Or—any number of beautiful and practical things for yourself, for gift or for profit—send today for our new illustrated folder Number 113.

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UNUSUAL OFFER

(GOOD FOR ONLY THIRTY DAYS)

1 Unbreakable Bead Loom—Standard Size.
Guaranteed to last a lifetime
5 Bunches Indian Seed Beads
5 Bunches Lustre Cut Beads
½ Dozen Beading Needles
1 Spool Thread
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FREE CATALOGS, All Camps or Schools in U. S. Give details whether for Girls or Boys. Advice gratis.

AMERICAN CAMPS ASSOCIATION
Times Bldg., New York City
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CAMPS INFORMATION

PRIZE WINNERS

in the March

FOODSTUFFS QUESTIONNAIRE

We want to thank most heartily all those who so carefully and thoughtfully answered the March questionnaire. The wealth of information contained in these replies will be of invaluable assistance to us.

The prize winners in the March contest are: First Prize, \$5, ESTHER CONNELL, COLLEGE POINT, L. I. Second Prizes, \$2. each, DORIS VON WEHRDEN, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, and JENNIE ANTONIZZI, BUHL, MINNESOTA. Third Prizes, \$1 each, MARY DELLE MORRIS, GURNEE, ILLINOIS; NELLIE L. LONG, LURAY, VIRGINIA; and INEZ MARTER, BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY. Judges: Miss Marie Sellers, of the General Foods Products Corporation, Mr. John F. Quick, of the Mark O'Dea Advertising Company, and Mrs. Margaret Moran, of The American Girl staff.

Cash prizes for the same amounts will be awarded to the winners in every contest in this series. Fill out the May questionnaire now! You will find it on page 50 of this issue.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To many women gardening is a delightful hobby; to a few, an alluring vocation. This June, the Lou Henry Hoover Scholarship in Gardening, established for Girl Scouts by the National Farm and Garden Association at the School of Horticulture for Women at Ambler, Pa., will again be awarded for use in September. It provides \$500.00 annually for two years, or more than half the cost of maintenance and tuition at the school.

Girl Scouts between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, with a particular aptitude for horticultural work, who have been in Girl Scouting three years and are still active in a troop, are eligible. Recommendations from the candidate's captain and council must accompany the application. Entrance examinations are required unless a high school diploma or its equivalent is presented.

Applications should be filed immediately with Mrs. Vance C. McCormick, % Girl Scouts, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

NOTICE

The Fourth International Training will be held at Our Chalet from August first to tenth, 1935. Any leader may attend who has the recommendation of her national headquarters.

A Round Table of Trainers is to meet at Our Chalet from August twelfth to twentieth. This is for experienced Trainers selected by their headquarters.

PUBLISHERS' STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of The American Girl Magazine for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31, 1934, was as follows:

Copies sold	72,601
Copies distributed free	2,078
	74,679

Signed: ANNE STODDARD
(Editor and Business Manager)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this first day of March, 1935.

MATILDA KRUG, Notary Public

Univex DE LUXE FOLDING CAMERA



THE FIRST FOLDING CAMERA FOR

\$1. in four beautiful
colors—and black

HERE it is . . . all ready for sunny spring days outdoors . . . a compact handful of stream-lined beauty and a little jewel of photographic efficiency . . . takes time exposures or snaps . . . pictures that are crystal clear . . . that enlarge beautifully . . . fits easily into the Girl Scout uniform pocket.

And, remember, this new Univex has to be good! For it is made by the company that produces more cameras yearly than any other manufacturer in the world.

. . . AND THIS THRILLING LITTLE
UNIVEX IS ONLY 39c



Over 2,000,000 were sold last year to Girl Scouts, reporters, explorers and amateur photographers everywhere. It's known all over the world for its clear, inexpensive, little pictures.

FILM—FITS BOTH CAMERAS

SIX SHOTS

10c



THE GREAT UNIVEX PHOTO CONTEST

\$5000.00 IN CASH

For 4 months, starting May 15th, \$5,000.00 in cash awards and many other valuable awards will be made for good photos. Get rules at your local Univex dealer or write us. Entries not in accordance with the rules will not be considered. Have fun, make money with Univex. At drug stores, stationery and department stores. Universal Camera Corp., 38 W. 23rd St., New York City.

OUTDOOR AND INDOOR ACTIVITIES CONTEST



OUR first Contest was on Foodstuffs, our second on Personal Appearance. Here is the third Contest—this time on Outdoor and Indoor Activities, i.e., the things you enjoy doing most both outdoors and in. Basketball, tennis, skating, canoeing, gymnasium, motor-ing, camping, hiking, picnicking, all these and many other activities are listed below. Tell us which of these you do regularly and which occasionally. And which do you enjoy most?

Every regular reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL who answers the questions asked below, fully, carefully, truthfully will receive without charge her choice of any three of the merchandise prizes listed below. Simply put a check-mark in front of the three you desire, then fill out the entire questionnaire thoroughly and conscientiously and you will get your reward.

To six lucky AMERICAN GIRL readers will also go CASH PRIZES as follows for the most interesting instances of how your family was influenced by you last month in their choice of any kinds of purchases (from a paper of pins to a new automobile)—\$5 for the best instance, \$2 each for the second and third best and three honorable mention prizes of \$1 each. Contest ends May 31st. March winners are listed in this issue—April winners in June issue.

Two More Contests After This One!! Lots of Fun and Lots of Prizes

FREE! MERCHANDISE PRIZES! FREE! CASH PRIZES! FREE!

Put a circle around corresponding numbers in Question 15 to indicate which three merchandise prizes you desire.

#1	{ STERNO (Canned Heat) "Get-Acquainted" Portable Grill Cooking Set, Recipe Booklet with Dainty Dishes, also Entry Blank for Special \$100 Prize Contest
#2	{ Trial-size vial 3-IN-1 OIL, together with instructive literature on how to oil your sewing machine, roller skates, etc.
#3	{ Trial-size can ALBODON new Tooth-powder (8 days' supply)

#4	{ Trial-size tube UNGUENTINE for sunburn, etc.
#5	{ Booklet "Hockey Explained for Beginners and Spectators"
#6	{ Attractive, interesting booklet on Bicycling, showing how famous movie stars in Hollywood enjoy cycling
#7	{ Interesting, instructive 84-page Axe Manual, written by Peter McLaren, America's Champion Chopper, and published by Fayette Plumb, manufacturer of the Official Girl Scout axe.

Answer These 15 Questions

BE SURE TO CUT OFF ONLY THE BOTTOM HALF AND MAIL IT TO THE CONTEST EDITOR BY MAY 31st

1. In which of the following outdoor and indoor activities do you participate regularly? Which occasionally? Answer below.
 2. Which three do you enjoy most?
 Check here for:
 Regu-Occa-
 sionally
 Check below
 which 3 you
 enjoy most:

— Basketball	—
— Archery	—
— Field Hockey	—
— Fencing	—
— Tennis	—
— Deck Tennis	—
— Golf	—
— Croquet	—
— Horseback Riding	—
— Gymnasium	—
— Roller Skating	—
— Swimming	—
— Rowing	—
— Canoeing	—
— Sailing	—
— Motor Boating	—
— Ice Skating	—
— Ski-ing	—
— Sledding (Coasting)	—
— Ping Pong	—
— Pageants	—

OTHER OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

— Motoring	—
— Hiking	—
— Camping	—
— Bicycling	—
— Railroad Travel	—
— Water Travel	—
— Picnicking	—
— Gardening	—
— Fishing	—
— Outdoor Cooking	—

3. Do you choose your own brands of equipment for these activities—or are they selected for you? choose my own selected for me

4. If selected for you, do you have a voice in their purchase? yes no

5. Where do you Through Dept. H'dware Drug Other buy these items? School Stores Stores Stores Stores

6. Do you generally go to camp during the summer? yes no No. of weeks

7. To what kind of a camp will you go this year?
 (Please attach list of things you will have to buy before going to camp this year, such as middies, footwear, blankets, towels, bathing-suits, sun watches, cameras, etc.)

Private Girl Scout Other kind
 Camp Camp of camp

8. Does your family go away in the summer? yes no. If so, tell us where.
 To what other kinds of summering? To Own To Rented To Summer
 Cottage Cottage Hotels
 To Summer To Summer Travel-
 Camp Tent ing

9. How often do you usually go on excursions, Number of Excurs- Short
 picnics or short trips during a summer? Picnics sions Trips

10. How many other members of your family (or friends) read your copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL?
 Mother Father Sisters Cousins Friends
 (Check) (Check) (how many?) (how many?) (how many?)

11. When advertisements of things that you want (or need) appear in THE AMERICAN GIRL, do you show these ads to your parents? yes no

12. Does your family own an automobile? yes no. If two or more, also check here.

13. What is your age? years. How many children in the family? What is your

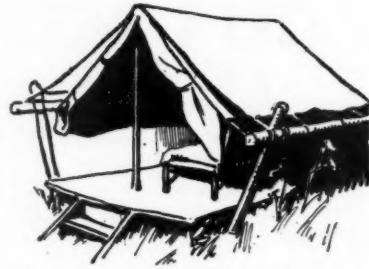
14. How many earners are there in your family? father's occupation?

15. CIRCLE WHICH PRIZES YOU WANT #1, #2, #3, #4, #5, #6, #7

Dear American Girl Magazine: Last month I influenced my family in buying the following things: How I influenced others to purchase them (or bought them myself):

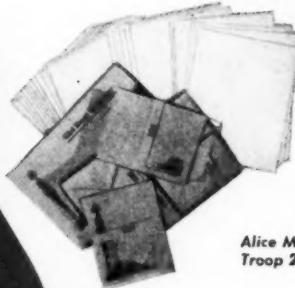
Go over the questionnaire to make sure it is carefully filled out—then mail it to THE AMERICAN GIRL—CONTEST EDITOR, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City

Reader's Name Street City State



"THE LIBBY THRIFT PLAN CERTAINLY IS GREAT," says Alice Mae Simmons

She got Scout equipment from Libby that no other girl in her troop had—and it didn't cost her a dime!



Alice Mae Simmons,
Troop 2, West Chicago, Ill.



On your radio—

OG, SON OF FIRE

by IRVING CRUMP

A thrilling dramatized story by this great boys' and girls' author. Cavemen, mammoths, saber-toothed tigers—a thrill a minute. Listen in at 5:15 P.M., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on these stations:

Detroit.... CKLW Memphis... WREC
Boston.... WAAB Kansas City KMBC
New York... WABC Baltimore... WCAO
Pittsburgh... WJAS Columbus... WBNS
Louisville... WHAS Cincinnati... WKRC
Chicago... WBBM Birmingham WBRC
St. Louis... KMOX Buffalo... WGR
Des Moines... KRNT

Charlotte... WBTF... 6:00 to 6:15 P.M.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Los Angeles... KNX... 5:30 to 5:45 P.M.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
San Francisco... KYA... 6:00 to 6:15 P.M.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday

See local newspaper listings for time changes effective April 29th

NOT MANY Girl Scouts have official sweaters and correspondence cards. Such extra equipment makes a girl stand out in her troop, and makes Scouting more fun for her, too.

But look! You don't have to have money to get these things. Alice Mae Simmons got hers absolutely without cost, and she's going to get a lot more equipment that way. The Libby Thrift Plan makes it easy, she'd tell you. And thousands of other girls who have used the plan would say the same.

The plan itself is so simple! All you have to do is pick out the items you want from the official catalog. Then save a certain number of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk. (We'll tell you how few it takes when you send us the coupon below.) Send the labels to us, and you'll get the things you want immediately.

And the great thing about it is, the labels are really easy to get! Loads of women use a can or two of Libby's Milk every single day, and they'll be glad to save the labels to help you get Girl Scout equipment. Your mother, her friends and your relatives will go to work for you as soon as you tell them about it. Why, Alice Mae found she could even collect labels when she was visiting away from home!

So there isn't a particle of reason why you yourself can't make this great plan work, can't get all the equipment you need in a hurry. Send the coupon below right now. We'll send you full information; and in addition, we'll send you a coupon worth ten tall Libby's Milk labels to give you a flying start. So don't waste a day—get the scissors and clip the coupon now. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



Libby, McNeill & Libby
Dept. AG-36, Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Please tell me how I can get my Girl Scout equipment without cost.

Name City

Address State

Grocer's Name

Of Course We're Happy! and Mighty Comfortable, Too in Girl Scout Camp Togs

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A GIRL SCOUT TO BUY THEM, EITHER.

If it's rompers you like—the 4-100 series is just the thing for warm summer days. The collarless V-neck and shaped armholes with buttons on either shoulder are cool and comfortable. The bloomers are cut circular and supplied with a pocket, belt and drop seat. Sizes 8-40.

4-191 Green Innisfree suiting.....\$2.00

Or maybe you prefer a middy-and-bloomer suit? The middy is made with short sleeves, half collar and pocket. The bloomers have a smooth fit across the hips but plenty of fullness in the legs. An adjustable waistband and a pocket are added features. Sizes 8-40.

4-437 Green Girl Scout chambray.....\$2.00

4-497 Green Innisfree suiting.....2.35

Shorts—pleated or plain—are the most popular style of camp togs. The 4-200 series deserves its popularity for looks and for comfort. The short-sleeved, half-collared middy and tailored shorts with pocket and belt are becoming to Scouts of all sizes and ages. Sizes 8-40.

4-231 Green Girl Scout chambray.....\$1.75

4-235 Chambray (with bloomertettes).....2.00

4-291 Green Innisfree suiting.....2.00

4-295 Innisfree suiting (with bloomertettes).....2.25

A similar style of camp uniform with pleated shorts has a collarless, V-necked blouse and cap sleeves. The pleated shorts have a belt of self material and a pocket. Sizes 8-40.

4-631 Green Girl Scout chambray.....\$1.75

4-635 Chambray (with bloomertettes).....2.00

4-691 Green Innisfree suiting.....2.00

Plain shorts are popular, too. This special low-priced model is made with a sleeveless blouse with pocket and a V-neck reinforced in a yoke effect. The plain shorts have a belt of self material and a pocket. Sizes 8-40.

4-321 Special green chambray.....\$1.35

A similar model has a blouse made with half collar and short sleeves. The plain shorts are shaped at the hips and supplied with a pocket and belt of self material. Sizes 8-40.

4-831 Green Girl Scout chambray.....\$1.65

4-891 Green Innisfree suiting.....2.00

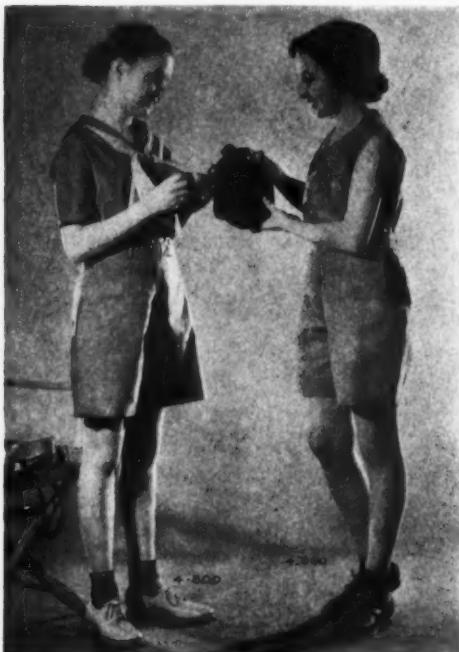


4-200



4-600

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National
Equipment Service
570 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.



4-800



4-400

4-200

